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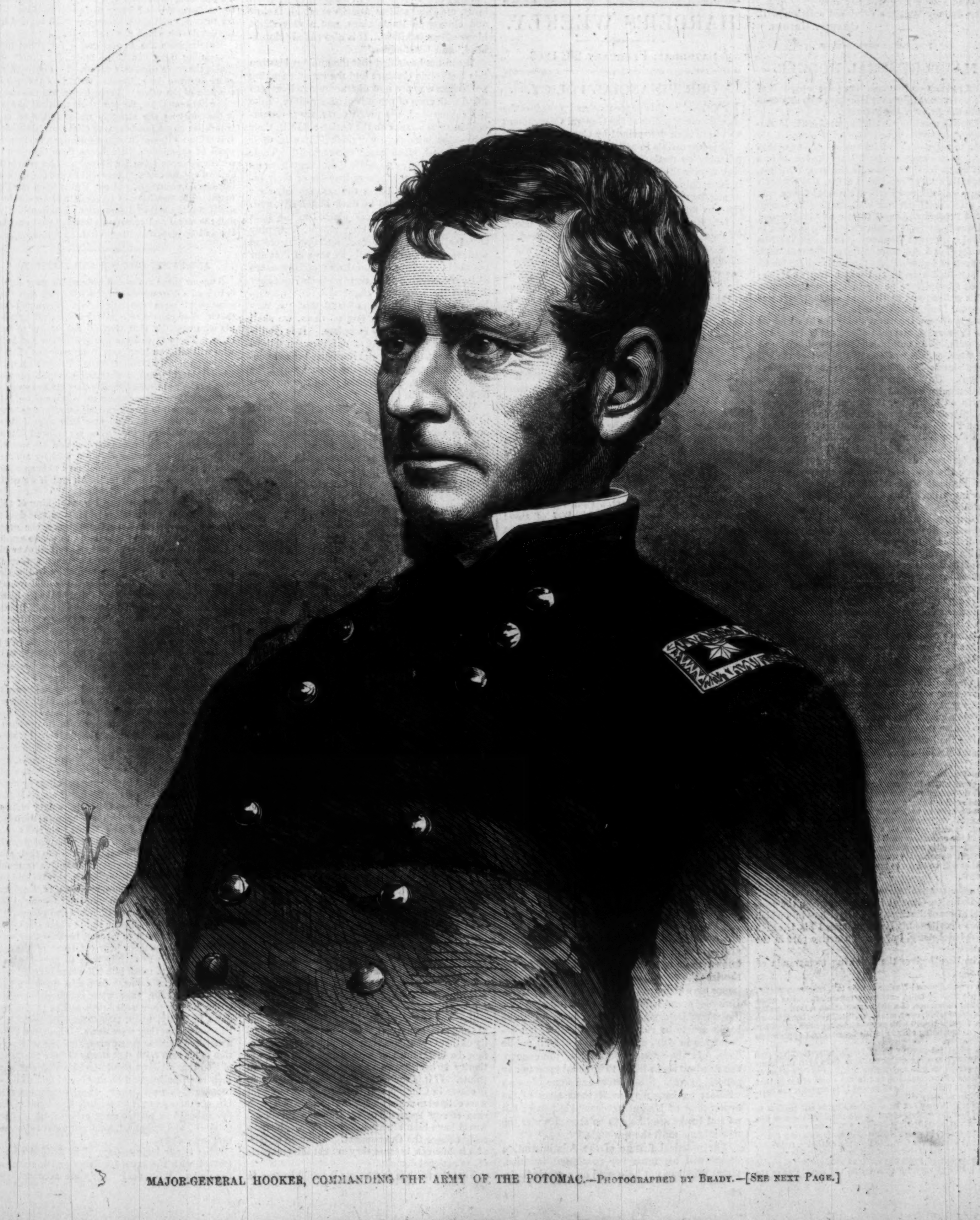


MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AOUR BLOCKADE.

[The owner ov the steemer *Princess Royal* and cargo was an M.P., whu last yeer wanted Ingland tu disregard aour blockade, cawse it warn't effishent. I gess he's faound aout it's *his* "*block-hed*" thet is "ineffishunt."]

WHAT d'ye think ov aour blockade *naow*, old feller?
Don't it make yure hed feel kind o' meller—
Soft, I meen—when yu reed
Of cute Jonathan's deed?
Took yure ship in, es the widder "took" old Weller!

We hev warned yu thet trubble was a brewin
Fur fokes thet wood du es yu was duin—
That thare's menny a slip
Twixt the port and the ship—
But yu wood kum aout tu far, tu yure ruin!

I swanny it's the best joke ov the seeson!
Though yu mite hev expected it in reeson.
Yu hev shown plain enuff
Yu aint quite "up tu snuff"—
Takes a smarter chap then yu tu thrive on treeson!

Aour blockade is made ov paper, is't? du tell!
Guess you've bin made the "wictim ov a sell!"
Jest keep on es yu've begun,
And aour sailors will hev fun.
Prises Johnny Bull hes furnished suit 'em well.

CHARITY GRIMES.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish on the preceding page a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, who now commands the Army of the Potomac.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the Army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part, and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When M'Clellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

After the battle he sent the following report to General M'Clellan:

CENTREVILLE, MD., *Sept.* 17, 1862.

Major-General M'Clellan:

A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious. I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until ten o'clock this morning, when I was wounded and compelled to quit the field. The battle was fought with great violence on both sides. The carnage has been awful. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the operations until they were concluded; for I had counted on either capturing their army or driving them into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot.

J. HOOKER, Brigadier-General.

On the reorganization of the army under General Burnside, General Hooker was given the command of one of the three grand Divisions into which it was distributed. He commanded his Division at Fredericksburg, but took no active part in the fight.

The *Herald* gives the following memoranda of him:

In person General Hooker is very tall, erect, compactly, but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of great physical endurance, of a light complexion, a fresh, ruddy countenance, full, clear, mild eyes, intellectual head, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray—and altogether one of the most commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending, and courteous, removing embarrassment from even the humblest personage who approaches him. It is only when at the head of his command and in the storm of battle that he arrays himself in the stern and lofty aspect of the commanding military chieftain.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the subject of our sketch obtained the now historic name of "Fighting Joe Hooker." On one occasion, after a battle, in which General Hooker's men had distinguished themselves for their fighting qualities, thus adding to the fame of their commander, a dispatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies announcing the fact. One of the copyists, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the dispatch the words "Fighting Joe Hooker." Of course this heading went to nearly every newspaper office of the country, through the various agencies, and was readily adopted by the editors and printed in their journals. The *sobriquet* was also adopted by the army and by the press, and is now well known all over the world. Thus an unpretending, innocent copyist, unaware that he was making history, prefixed to this General's name a title that will live forever in the annals of the country.

But it appears that General Hooker does not like his title; for, on one occasion, when called so by a friend, he is reported to have said, "Don't call me Fighting Joe, for that name has done and is doing me incalculable injury. It makes a portion of the public think that I am a hot-headed, furious young fellow, accustomed to making furious and needless dashes at the enemy." By this remark it would appear that, although he has the characteristic of undoubted bravery and boldness, he still possesses some of that prudence and caution without which no general can be great.

General Hooker's friends in California have prepared a handsome testimonial in remembrance of his past services. It is a sword of the finest steel, with belt thickly studded with diamonds, a scabbard of solid silver, heavily and richly mounted with gold. The cost of this magnificent sword will be between $4000 and $5000. The inscriptions are as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,
FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO,
December 25, 1862.
Williamsburg—Fair Oaks—Glendale—Malvern Hill—
Bull Run—Germantown—South Mountain—
Antietam.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

OUR FINANCIAL POLICY.

BY the time this paper reaches its readers the financial policy of the General Government will have been determined by Congress.

It is impossible to say what alterations of detail may be made in the financial bills before they receive the sanction of the President. But it is certain that, in the main, the ways and means for the prosecution of the war will be derived as follows:

1*st.* By the issue of more legal-tender notes. Of these notes $300,000,000 were authorized by Acts of February and July, 1862, of which $250,000,000 have been issued. The House has voted for a further issue of $300,000,000; the Senate for a further issue of $150,000,000. If they compromise on $225,000,000, the aggregate issue will be $475,000,000, so long as the call loans now lodged with the Sub-treasurers are undisturbed, and $525,000,000 after those loans have been called in.

2*d.* By the issue of new legal-tender notes, bearing interest not over six per cent. per annum. Both Houses have agreed upon an issue of $400,000,000 of these notes; the Senate, however, proposes that the interest on them be payable in paper, while the House voted to pay it in coin. The Senate also proposes to make these notes absolutely a legal tender; while the House makes them exchangeable for legal tender, and therefore only indirectly a currency.

3*d.* By the sale of long bonds, bearing not over six per cent. interest. Both Houses have agreed to an issue of $900,000,000 of these bonds. The House proposes to make them 20-year bonds; the Senate grants to the Secretary power to issue 40-year bonds, if he deems it expedient. Both Houses agree that the interest and principal of these bonds shall be payable in coin.

4*th.* By the issue of fractional currency for sums less than a dollar. The House proposes to limit this issue to $50,000,000; the Senate imposes no limit on the issue.

It will become the duty of a Conference Committee to adjust the differences between the House and the Senate plans; their report will appear very shortly after these lines see the light, if it has not been made public before.

Mr. Chase, in his report, stated that he required $900,000,000 to carry on the war till July, 1864. Mr. Spalding, of the House Committee of Ways and Means, and a guide quite as safe as the Secretary himself, stated that $1,100,000,000 would be required. Assuming that the Conference Committee agree upon a further issue of United States notes to the extent of $225,000,000, the means allotted for this period will be: United States notes, $225,000,000; Treasury Notes, $400,000,000; fractional currency, say, $50,000,000; 20 or 40 year bonds, $900,000,000; total, $1,575,000,000. In other words, Mr. Chase would be compelled to negotiate $425,000,000 of long bonds, at or near par, to pay his way till July, 1864.

The Secretary's Bank bill has passed the Senate, and is said to be likely to pass the House also—though a majority of both bodies are known to be opposed to it. This measure authorizes the establishment of banks of issue, the issues of which are to be secured by deposit of United States bonds with the United States Treasury Department. The notes of these banks are to be exempt from taxation, not redeemable in coin, and receivable for all public dues. In the present condition of the country this measure is not likely to be acted upon to any general extent. Speculators and some Western wild-cat bankers may avail themselves of the opportunity of issuing irredeemable paper; but no real banks are likely to be started under the new scheme until the war ends.

The practical feature of the Administration policy will be, must be, continued inflation. **Great wars can not be waged on a specie basis.** Issues of irredeemable paper are as essential to their prosecution as issues of shot and shell from Government arsenals. This is one of the great evils of war. But it is an evil necessary and inevitable; and the part of wisdom is to expect and make allowance for it—not to exclaim against it, or to try to render the Administration responsible for results over which they have no more control than the winds of heaven.

COPPERHEADISM.

MR. CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM, member of Congress from Ohio, made a speech last week in which he avowed himself a "Copperhead." Certain editors nearer home have likewise rejoiced in the title. It becomes interesting to inquire what it means, and how it came to be applied to a class of politicians.

A "copperhead," according to the American Cyclopedia, is "a venomous serpent ... the head is thick ... the neck contracted, and its scales smooth; there are no rattles, the tail being short ... near the flanks are rounded dark blotches ... it prefers dark and moist places ... It gives no warning of its proximity ... feeds on mice, small birds, etc., and seldom attacks man ... it is slow and clumsy in its motions, and a very slight blow suffices to kill it ... It is also called 'chunk-head,' and 'deaf-adder.'"

It can not be denied that the analogy between this loathsome creature and the mean, sneaking politicians who are now distracting the Northern mind with cries of peace is quite striking. Like the copperhead, the peace party are "venomous" in their attacks on the nation; like it, their "head" is undoubtedly "thick;" like it, their "neck" and reach are "contracted." Their "scales," too, are "smooth;" and they have no rattles to warn the honest traveler of their insidious approach. Like the copperhead, their character is "stained by dark blotches;" and, like it, they "prefer dark places" to the light of day. Like that sneaking reptile, their prey is "small, feeble creatures;" and they "seldom venture to attack a man." If we add that our political Copperheads, like their reptile type, are so "slow and clumsy in their motions" that they deserve the additional cognomina of "Chunk-heads" and "Deaf-adders," and that "a very slight blow" makes an end of them, we shall have made the analogy complete. It is creditable to the discernment of our Western fellow-citizens that they so quickly realized the resemblance between the copperhead snake and the peace politician, and baptized them by one common appellation.

We shall not waste time in arguing with the Copperheads. Men who are capable of justifying the rebels and espousing their cause when the blood of some member of almost every Northern family reddens Southern soil, and the bones of Northern soldiers are worn as ornaments by Southern women, are not likely to be convinced by argument, or to be pervious to any thing short of a bayonet thrust.

But one suggestion we will make. If Mr. Vallandigham, or any of his fellow-copperheads, will visit any large camp of loyal troops, either in the East or in the West or in the South, and will, in presence of the soldiers, express the sentiments they have uttered at Newark, New York, and elsewhere; and if, without the protection of the generals and provost-marshals, whom they so heartily abuse, they succeed, after delivering their speech, in making their escape alive, and without a coat of tar and feathers, we shall agree that Copperheads may fairly be tolerated. Our soldiers are anxious to have the challenge accepted.

THE LOUNGER.

VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

THERE are people who begin to talk about mediation, negotiation, and peace; who think the war is a drawn game, and that we can never subdue the rebels. The Illinois Legislature is in labor with resolutions calling a Convention to adjust matters. The New Jersey Legislature proposes to send commissioners to ask the rebels what they will take to come back again. The Indiana philosophers wish to know why Massachusetts does not do her duty in the war. And the French and English newspapers grin across the water and exhort us to give it up.

Give it up? Buy 'em back? When the rebels have had enough of it, let them say so. Until then the duty of the Government is like that of small boys in the street when the policeman appears: it is to move on. Any proposition of armistice, negotiation, mediation, or whatever smooth name may be used, is a proposition of disgrace and ruin to the country. The Government is maintaining its authority, nothing more. Every one will agree that on the 10th of April, 1861, a National Government existed. On the 12th the authority of that Government was defied. It must, therefore, be maintained or surrendered. If that authority is overthrown at one point it falls at all points. If it is successfully defied in Charleston, it ceases in Chicago. If the French Government were obliged to acknowledge the separate independence of any Department of France, a revolution would have been accomplished which would radically change the Government. The case of colonies is different, because they are not integral parts of the national domain.

That the truth is as we state it would be seen in this, that the moment the "Confederacy" were acknowledged, movements in various of the remaining States would begin for the purpose of effecting union with the government which had proved itself the stronger. There is, therefore, no other ground of treating with the rebels than the consciousness that they have conquered us. Then, like all other victims, we must do the best we can. If they will undertake to govern us, we must pray them to be as mild as they think we deserve. If they kick us out of the "Confederacy," we must try to crawl back to it. If they refuse us while we are united, each State must singly try to lie most abjectly in the slime, in order that the "Confederacy" may see and be satisfied not only that manliness, honor, and decency are utterly extinct in our hearts, but that we pride ourselves that they are so. The rebels, who have always claimed to be our natural lords and masters, despised us before they took up arms to chastise us, but when they have whipped us in, there will be loathing in their contempt.

This is the feast to which any kind of settlement other than a total suppression of the rebellion by military measures invites us. This is the pit which "Conservatism" of every shade is digging for the nation. Better to fight the battle out with whatever result. Better that Liberty be utterly vanquished and overthrown by Slavery than patch up a separation, an armistice, a peace. To fight it out to the death shows Liberty to be still godlike. To try to dodge and shirk shows her to be tainted by the devil with which she is struggling.

But between the two essential principles now contending there can be no truce, for whichever yields the truce confesses defeat. There can be no peace between them, because the rule of the one is the ruin of the other. There never has been any peace between them, for our whole political history is the story of the struggle under forms of law which has now flamed out into civil war. Jefferson Davis knows it, and therefore spits upon every proposal of submission. He hopes from disunion to secure a longer lease for Slavery. His course is shrewd but hopeless. There will be but one nation, but one Government, but one Union upon our domain. The condition of its peace will be absolute obedience to the lawful supreme national authority, and the moral and permanent basis of that authority will be justice and equal human rights.

ANTIPATHY OF RACE AND RELIGION.

Two or three years ago a noted Hebrew Rabbi delivered a discourse upon the consoling text that some people were born to be slaves. If you observe, this kind of discourse is always preached by people who consider that they do not belong to that class. There is many a fine gentleman and lady who will tell you how greatly superior the system of foreign society is to our own. They think it an admirable thing to have "the common people" kept in their place. But then they always assume that they themselves belong in another place. It is so comfortable to prove that other people were born to be damned. You may hear one of these placid gentlemen saying, "Yes, my beloved fellow-creature, *you* are born accursed. You are specially elected to have your children sold by another man to pay his debts. *I* am elected to keep mine, and buy yours if I want to." Ah me! if we could only hear the lion's story!

Well, it was amusing, as I was thinking of this worthy Rabbi, and of those of his race who doubtless hold his opinions—as, for instance, the great Hebrew bankers, the Rothschilds, to whose agents in Madrid the rebel commissioner turned over his papers upon leaving—to come upon a few facts in regard to the old Christian antipathy to the Hebrew race, which was probably the fiercest recorded in history, even worse than that of the Irish and English, or of the Spaniard and the Moor. Indeed it is an antipathy by no means extinct, although disgraceful. Will those who indulge it, or who cherish any antipathy of race, and gravely call it invincible, reflect upon these facts, which are such a pleasing commentary upon the Rabbi's sermon that some people are born to be outraged?

"Circumscribed in their rights by decrees and laws of the ecclesiastical as well as civil power; excluded from all honorable occupations; driven from place to place, from province to province; compelled to subsist almost exclusively by mercantile operations and usury; overtaxed and degraded in the cities; kept in narrow quarters, and marked in their dress with signs of contempt; plundered by lawless barons and penniless princes; an easy prey to all parties during the civil feuds; again and again robbed of their pecuniary claims; owned and sold as serfs by the Emperors; butchered by mobs and revolted peasants; chased by the monks; burnt in thousands by the Crusaders, who also burnt their brethren of Jerusalem in their synagogue; tormented by ridicule, abusive sermons, monstrous accusations and trials, threats and experiments of conversion—the Jews of England, France, and Germany offer, in their medieval history, a frightful picture of horrors and gloom."

You see that they had no rights which any Christian man was bound to respect, because they were Jews. You remember poor old Isaac of York, in Ivanhoe. He was plainly born to have his teeth wrenched out to make him tell where his gold was, because he was a Jew. In Spain, during a long drought, in 1391, they were murdered in many cities, because they were Jews; and in 1493 all the Jews in Sicily, about 20,000 families, were banished—because they were Jews. Can't you fancy a worthy Christian priest preaching to a congregation of his own faith that it was clearly the design of God that all Jews should be banished, and have their teeth pulled, and be massacred frightfully—because they were Jews? It was very inscrutable, of course; but it was clearly Providential that Jews should be sold as serfs, and robbed, and imprisoned, and degraded, and outraged—because they were Jews.

That is our logic to-day. The African race is treated with the same ignominy and injustice as the Jews. **Why not? They are accursed, you** know. They are an inferior race Good Heavens, what heels! They are much better off when they are enslaved. It's so Christianizing! Every slave region reeks with the Christian virtues. Every body knows—ask the worthy Rabbi or any money-changer of his faith, if it is not so—that the Hebr— that is to say, the Africans, have a natural aptitude for being outraged.

Let the Hebrew Shylock answer for every man of every race whose equal human rights are denied:

"He hath disgraced me....and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

O! worthy Rabbi, is it not, upon the whole, cheaper to treat men as born to be men?

WHO QUOTE THE LONDON "TIMES?"

The friends of the rebellion at the North are beginning to quote the London *Times* in support of their positions. They are wise. They have not a stronger ally than that paper. There has been no more constant, false, venomous, and unscrupulous enemy of this country and its Government than the London *Times*; and those who are engaged in helping the rebels destroy it by insisting that it has no right to use all its powers to serve itself will find their arguments much more strongly and rabidly stated by the London *Times* than they are by the Richmond *Enquirer* or the Granada *Appeal*, or by any of the papers which the Delmonico Committee propose to circulate among the troops.

Lest, however, any honest man, who is not in the habit of seeing the London *Times*, or who has no opportunity of knowing its sentiments, should wish to understand what views are held by a sheet which furnishes arguments and quotations to those who are trying to paralyze the Government of the United States, we submit a short extract from a late number, which is the key-note of all it thinks and says of this country and the war:

> "The United States have been a vast burlesque on the functions of national existence: and it was Mr. Russell's fate to behold their transformation scene, and to see the first tumbles of their clowns and pantaloons."

When American citizens find it convenient to their purpose to quote from a foreign paper which speaks of us in this way, even in a review of a book, what probably is that purpose?

TRUTH PUT TO THE WALL.

A Mr. Wall, of New Jersey, who was elected United States Senator by a majority of the Legislature of that State because he had been arrested as dangerously disloyal to the United States Government, in a late speech in the Senate quoted the London *Times* in support of his repetition of the stale old untruth that the West India emancipation had left the colored race in a worse condition than it was in slavery. Mr. Senator Wall ought to know that the London *Times* is no more an authority upon that question than John C. Breckinridge upon the Constitutional duty of American citizens, or the New Jersey Legislature upon patriotism. The authority in the Jamaica question is the word of the Governor of the colony; and we commend some passages in his report for 1861 to the consideration of Mr. Senator Wall and other statesmen who devote themselves exclusively to exciting the prejudice of one part of their fellow-citizens against another. Governor Darling says:

> "The proportion of those (colored men) who are settling themselves industriously upon their holdings, and rapidly rising in the social scale, while commanding the respect of all classes of the community, and some of whom are, to a limited extent, themselves the employers of hired labor, paid for either in money or in kind, is, I am happy to think, not only steadily increasing, but at the present moment is far more extensive than was anticipated by those who are cognizant of all that took place in this colony in the earlier days of negro freedom.
>
> "There can be no doubt, in fact, that an independent, respectable, and, I believe, trust-worthy, middle class is rapidly forming......If the real object of emancipation was to place the freed man in such a position that he might work out his own advancement in the social scale, and prove his capacity for the full and rational enjoyment of personal independence, secured by Constitutional liberty, Jamaica will afford more instances, even in proportion to its large population, of such gratifying results, than any other land in which African slavery once existed.
>
> "Jamaica at this moment presents, as I believe,..... the strongest proof of the complete success of the great measure of emancipation as relates to the capacity of the emancipated race for freedom."

The Governor then proceeds to speak of the decline in commercial importance of the colony, stating the reasons for it, and opening another question. Of course the only answer to these thoughtful and temperate official statements is that Governor Darling is probably a "d—d abolitionist." For slavery, reduced as it is in the discussion to the last extremity, politically, socially, industrially, and morally, has no other reply left than "d—d abolitionist." And even that valorous and sagacious argument is already staggering on its last legs. For Beauregard the Great calls all Lincoln hirelings and Northern refuse, whatever their views of slavery may be, "abolitionists."

Meanwhile Governor Darling's report entirely annihilates the wild talk of the London *Times* quoted by Senator Wall.

M. MERCIER *VS.* THE UNITED STATES.

In the French yellow-covered literature which the Emperor has lately published, the letters of M. Mercier, the French minister in this country, are the most interesting pages to us. The sympathies of M. Mercier have been well known from the beginning of the war. They have been more than once set forth in this paper. But there has been no such plain statement of them as he makes in a letter to his chief, M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, immediately after the autumn elections. He writes under date of November 10, 1862: "But if it (the war) should be restrained within the limits and principles and rights recognized by the Constitution, it would not completely attain its aim."

That is to say, that the Union can not be constitutionally maintained; that the Government can not defend itself without overthrowing the Constitution.

This is a doctrine which M. Mercier learned from his friends the rebels. It is the doctrine which was held by Mr. Buchanan and his friends. Mr. Buchanan said in his message that people had no right to destroy the Government, but if they tried, the Government had no right to help itself. "None at all," said Mr. Mason, cheerfully, and Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Benjamin, at those charming soirées and dinners of which his Excellency the French Minister was an ornament.

Nor was it the doctrine of the President's cabinet and the Washington salons only. Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, describes a series of agreeable breakfasts and dinners made in his honor in New York upon his arrival, at which precisely the same "Conservative" sentiments were expressed. He records that the general opinion seemed to be that the Constitution could not be constitutionally saved. If it were only vigorously attacked it had no power of resistance whatever. And the London *Times* gives as its last opinion of the war, a repetition of the twaddle of rebellious circles in Washington, and of circles wishing them well in New York, and of an imbecile President's message, and a knavish cabinet's counsel, that it is simply a failure of the American Constitution.

M. Mercier gravely writes this failure as a fact. But if he had lived less in the city of Washington and more among the people of the country—if he had learned that the sentiment of card parties in Washington, and of dinner parties in New York, is not the public opinion of this nation, he would not have allowed his sympathy and hopes to prevail against his better knowledge and his common sense. For if there be any plain dictate of common sense it is, that so vast and powerful a nation as this does not submit to dismemberment or annihilation without a struggle, and that the instinct of self-preservation which leads a man to defend himself inspires a great people to maintain their political existence by every means at their command.

M. Mercier may learn something of this truth by watching affairs in Mexico. He and his master will learn it to their fullest satisfaction by looking sharp at the American people.

MR. RICHARDS'S STUDIES AND SKETCHES.

In these sober times the painters are still busy in their studios, and it is a curious relief from the stern excitement of the war to step into their quiet rooms and see the tranquil streams, meadows, grazing cattle, and hazy mountains. Mr. T. Addison Richards, the artist and well-known Secretary of the National Academy, proposes a sale of some of his paintings, sketches, and studies—landscapes, fruits, and flowers, to the number of about 150, at the Derby Gallery on the 24th of February. The visitors to the annual exhibitions need no introduction to his name; and we hope that every landscape in the collection will prove to be the site of a gold mine, and that every placid stream may be covered with that choicer game than canvas-backs, greenbacks.

"A TALK WITH MY PUPILS."

In speaking of this pleasant and valuable little volume a fortnight ago, we know not under what misconception it was that we spoke of the authoress, Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts, as having relinquished her school. We hasten to correct the mistake. She still talks with her pupils who are about her, as well as with those who go to her school in the persons of their daughters. And the book is the pledge of the thoroughness, sagacity, and pure tone of all the influences of the school.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A late colonel, well known for his gigantic size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tradesman for the payment of a bill, exclaimed, "If you were not such a little reptile I would kick you down stairs." "Little reptile?" repeated the creditor. "And what if I am? Recollect, colonel, that we can't all be great brutes."

◆

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins."

◆

The lady whose heart "swelled with indignation" has had it reduced with poultices.

◆

Not many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive widow, named Rachel H——, residing on Long Island. Either her griefs were too new, or her lover too old, or from some other cause, the offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked that it was the first modern instance he had known where Rachel refused to be Comforted.

◆

Never quarrel with a lady. If you are troubled with her, retreat; if she abuses you, be silent; if she tears your cloak, give her your coat; if she boxes your ear, bow to her in return; if she tears your eyes out, feel your way to the door, and—*fly!*

◆

A correspondent of a contemporary says: "It is my duty to impress upon you the certain fact that one-half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady-love, and he goes about groaning and sighing in a most pitiable manner. He has no appetite, and sleeps up at the top of the house, close to the moon. He can not stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting his arm round its waist, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day because it had red cheeks."

◆

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she belaves I'll never pay her; and, faith, that's my belafe too."

◆

Patent Medicine.—A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart by a young M.D. in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her right ear.

◆

A printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

◆

A Curiosity.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who has discovered it has retired from public life.

◆

"Doctor, that 'ere rat's-bane of yourn is fust-rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it! know'd it!" replied the pleased vendor of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but fust-rate doctor's stuff." "And, doctor," said the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye." "Another pound!" "Yes, Sir; I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse, and it made him dreadful sick, and I'm sure another pound would kill him."

◆

After quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoop skirt, hanging out of a shop door, always reminds him of the peel of a belle!

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What was Eve made for?
For Adam's Express Company.

Why are your nose and your chin always at variance?
Because so many words pass between them.

What fruit kept best in the ark?
The preserved pears (pairs).

Why should the number 288 never be named before ladies?
Because it is too gross (two gross).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, February 11, in the Senate, a resolution to compensate the sailors of the gun-boat *Cairo* for loss of clothing was adopted. Reports adversely to the construction of a submarine telegraph along the Southern coast, to the construction of a military and post road from Washington to New York, and to the amendment of the Fugitive Slave act, were presented. The bill to increase the number of major and brigadier generals was briefly discussed. The debate on the Currency bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, bills authorizing the preliminary steps to the admission of the Territories of Nevada and Colorado into the Union were reported. A bill was passed appropriating $7212 to pay for slaves, under the Emancipation act, in cases where the claimants, for no default of their own, were prevented from filing their claims within the prescribed time. The Naval Appropriation bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole. The amendment ordering the discharge of seventy-six midshipmen appointed by the Secretary of the Navy was adopted. An amendment, that while the rebellion lasts each Congressional district in the loyal States shall have one additional midshipman, to be appointed as heretofore, on the nomination of a member of the House of Representatives, and the delegates in the present House shall each be entitled to one additional midshipman, was agreed to, and the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, the bill providing a national currency was passed by a vote of 23 yeas to 21 nays. The bill granting pecuniary aid to Missouri in emancipating the slaves of that State was passed by a vote of 23 against 18. A message was received from the President, in response to a resolution of the Senate, transmitting a report from the Secretary of State, with the correspondence and papers concerning mediation or arbitration on the part of the French Government. The President was requested to communicate to the Senate any information he may have regarding the employment of negroes by the French army in Mexico. The bill to increase the number of major and brigadier generals was taken up, and a motion made to limit the increase to twenty major and fifty brigadier generals was adopted, and the bill was passed.——In the House, the bill providing a temporary government for the Territory of Montana was taken up. A motion to strike out the proviso prohibiting slavery in the Territory was rejected—39 against 96—and the bill passed. Montana is contiguous to the State of Oregon and Washington Territory. The consideration of the bill indemnifying the President for arrests made under the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was postponed. In Committee of the Whole the Naval Appropriation bill was laid aside to be reported to the House. The bill making appropriations for fortifications was then taken up, and the sum of $200,000 for the defenses of Washington agreed to. The Committee rose, the bill was passed by the House, and the House adjourned.

On Friday, 13th, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back Mr. Sumner's bill to raise three hundred thousand black soldiers, with the recommendation that it do not pass, because the authority intended to be granted is sufficiently granted by the act of July 17, 1862. At the expiration of the morning hour the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government was taken up, and the amendment taxing bank circulation one per cent. for two years, and two per cent. thereafter, instead of the sliding scale proposed by the House, was agreed to—20 against 16—and the bill passed by a vote of 32 against 4. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment to dismiss the seventy-six midshipmen appointed by the Secretary of the Navy contrary to law was rejected. The House, by a vote of 77 against 44, agreed to the amendment striking out an appropriation of $463,300 for the New York Navy-Yard, and inserting $1,213,000 for a floating or sectional dry-dock of sufficient size and capacity for raising any of the vessels now built.

On Saturday, 14th, in the Senate, the bill providing a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana was reported back. The bill authorizing the issue of letters of marque and reprisal was taken up and debated for a short time. Senator Grimes offered a substitute, authorizing the President, in all domestic and foreign wars, to issue letters of marque as he deems fit, and make all needful rules and regulations. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, reports from the Committee on Elections, adverse to the admitting of Messrs. J. B. M'Loud and John B. Rogers to seats as representatives respectively from Virginia and Tennessee, were adopted. The same Committee also reported adversely to the claim of Jennings Piggott as representative from the Second District of North Carolina. A bill to establish a Navy-yard at St. Louis was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The Iowa contested election case was taken up, and the House confirmed Mr. Vandever's right to represent the Second District of that State. The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up and amended, and the House adjourned.

On Monday, 16th, in the Senate, the Military Committee made a report relative to the case of Richard Thomas, otherwise called the "French lady," an inmate of Fort Lafayette. So far from Mr. Thomas being insane, as alleged, the surgeon at the fort reports him in excellent health, but regards him as eccentric. The bill providing for the enrollment and calling out the militia of the country was then taken up. A number of amendments were offered, some of which were adopted, and at midnight the bill was passed.——In the House, the Indian Appropriation bill was reported from the Committee of the Whole. A resolution in favor of holding evening sessions was adopted. The remainder of the session was occupied in debating the Louisiana election case.

On Tuesday, 17th, in the Senate, the bill to prevent members of Congress and agents and officers of the Government from taking any consideration for procuring place, office, or contracts, was passed. The Finance Committee reported back the Fortification Appropriation bill without amendment. The bill authorizing letters of marque and reprisal was taken up, and after some debate a substitute was offered by Senator Grimes and adopted, authorizing the President, in all domestic and foreign wars, to issue letters of marque, and make all needful regulations relating thereto. The bill was then passed by a vote of 27 against 9. The Naval Appropriation bill was reported back by the Finance Committee. A bill to guarantee to certain States a republican form of government was introduced. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the efficiency of the medical department of the army under General Grant, and to report what legislation is necessary to secure the utmost possible skill and attention in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed. The Louisiana election cases were then taken up, and the report declaring Messrs. Flanders and Hahn entitled to seats adopted by a vote of ninety-two against forty-four. Mr. Hahn immediately entered upon his duties; but Mr. Flanders was absent. The report of the Committee on Elections, adverse to the claim of Mr. M'Kenzie, of Virginia, was adopted. The Senate's amendments to the bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government were all acted on, and the House adjourned.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL TO ARBITRATE.

The President sent into the Senate last week a letter from M. Drouyn de l'Huys proposing to confer with the South with a view to peace.

"If the Cabinet of Washington," says he, "believes that it ought to repel any foreign intervention, could it not honorably accept the idea of direct informal conferences with the authority which may represent the States of the South?......The opening of informal conferences between the belligerent parties does not necessarily imply the immediate cessation of hostilities...... Representatives or Commissioners of the two parties could assemble at such point as it should be deemed proper to designate, and which could, for this purpose, be declared neutral."

Mr. Seward, in his reply to this dispatch, after a rapid survey of the present military situation in this country, tells the French Minister that the suggestion is not an extraordinary one, and it may well have been thought by the Emperor a feasible one. But, says he, it amounts to nothing less than a proposition that while this Government is engaged in suppressing an armed insurrection, with the purpose of maintaining the constitutional national authority and preserving the integrity of the country, it shall enter into diplomatic discussion with the insurgents, upon the questions whether that authority shall not be renounced, and whether the country shall not be delivered over to disunion, to be quickly followed by anarchy. After thus putting aside the Imperial offer, Mr. Seward suggests that the true and constitutional forum for debate between the alienated parties is the Congress of the United States, where there are vacant seats inviting the Senators and Representatives of the discontented party who may be constitutionally sent there from the States involved in the insurrection.

Mr. Seward, in this dispatch, upholds with splendid power the national honor, and puts in the clearest light the national spirit and purpose. It is a document of extraordinary power and eloquence, and of unmistakable meaning, and in every respect is fully up to the height of the great argument.

THE LEVEES CUT.

The levees on the Mississippi side of the river, twelve miles below Helena, at Yazoo Pass, have been cut by our forces. They have also been cut at Greenville, and on the Louisiana side, opposite Lake Providence. The object of this is to get to the rear of Vicksburg.

THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON NOT BROKEN.

Flag-ship "Wabash," Port Royal Harbor,
South Carolina, *Feb.* 11, 1863.

Sir,—In my previous dispatch, No. 70, written just as the mail was closing, I informed the department I would send a refutation, in official form, of the statement made in General Beauregard's proclamation as to the blockade of Charleston, published in the Charleston and Savannah papers, and accompanied by assertions made with the apparent sanction of certain foreign functionaries. The emphatic letter of Captain Turner (No. 1), the clear and decided statement of the officers (No. 2), which he forwards, together with the previous inquiries and examination of log-books made by Captain Gordon, of the *Powhatan* (who was the senior officer present previous to the arrival of the *New Ironsides*), and whom I had dispatched to Charleston the day of the raid, leave me nothing to add, save to call the especial attention of the department to the facts thus elicited.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. F. Dupont,
Rear-Admiral commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.
Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.

FAILURE OF THE PEACE PROJECTS.

The Louisville Convention resolves, adopted by a party vote in the Illinois House, have finally failed in the Senate—one Democratic Senator having suddenly died and three others voted with the Republicans against pressing the resolves at this time. So it is very probable that the Louisville gathering, which was to have convened on the 18th of next month, will fall through altogether. Even the New Jersey Legislature seems reluctant to inaugurate revolutionary proceedings, while that of Indiana hangs back, and even Kentucky has not yet acceded to the proposed Convention.

THE "ALABAMA" AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

The *Alabama* arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on 23d January. Captain Semmes was received by the merchants and citizens of Kingston in the Commercial Exchange on the 25th ult., after his arrival there, and was met with distinguished honor by our "neutral" British friends, who welcomed him and his pirate vessel with twice three vociferous cheers. The crew of the *Hatteras*, who were landed by the *Alabama*, are to be sent home on board the American ship *Borodino*, chartered by the American Vice-Consul for that purpose.

THE SLAVES TO BE PAID IN LOUISIANA.

The planters of Louisiana are greatly exercised concerning the continual escapes of their slaves, and have held an important meeting at New Orleans in reference to the labor question. After much angry talk and a good deal of abuse of the Government, of which they are "registered enemies," they seem to have agreed at last to pay their slaves wages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

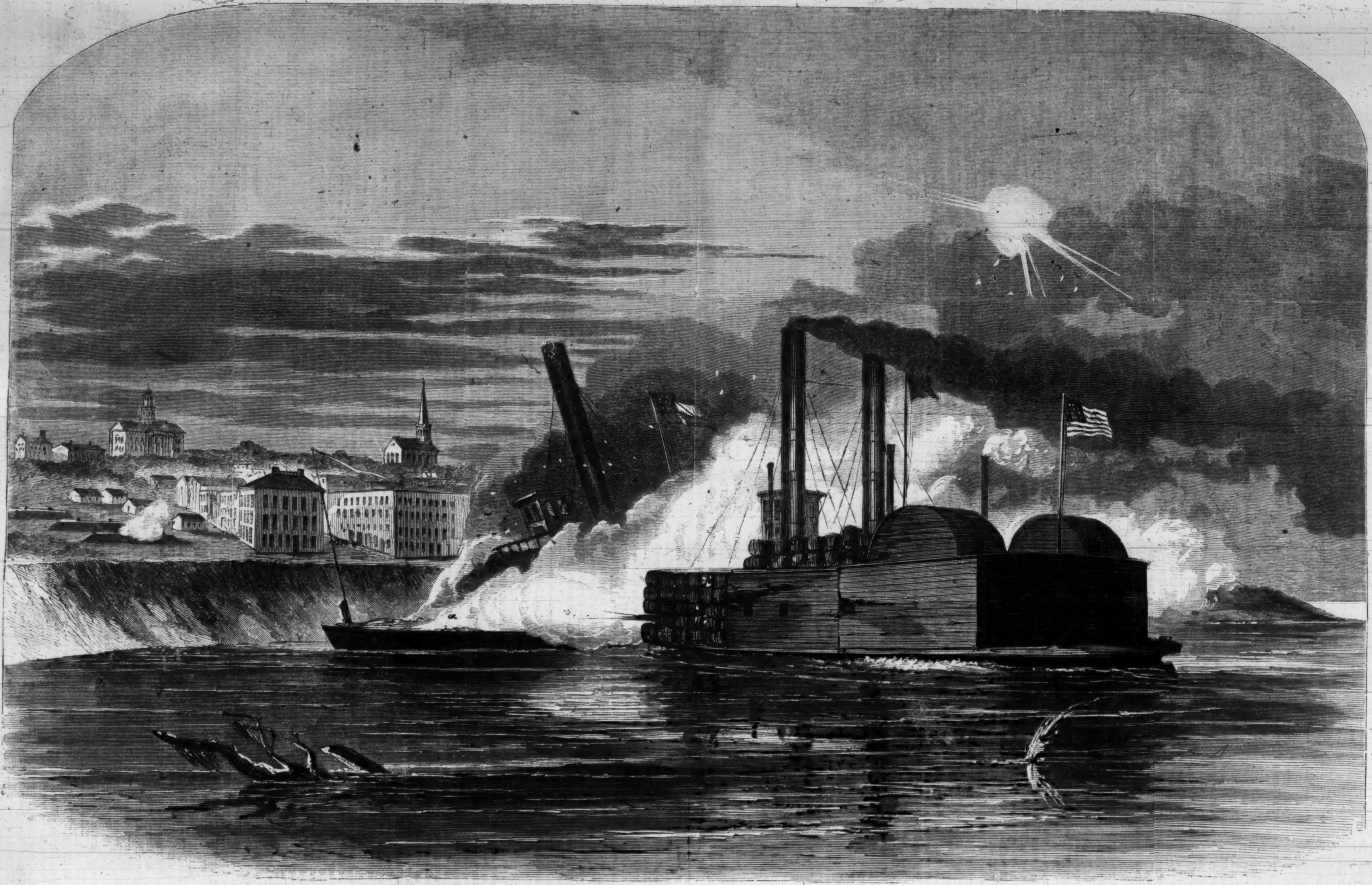
ANOTHER STEAMER FOR THE REBELS.

The steamer *Georgiana*, the tender of the *Alabama*, was in the harbor of Holyhead, England, and went to sea on the 24th of January, bound for Nassau. She had a formidable crew of rough-looking men of almost every European nationality. She mounts twenty-eight guns, and carries out a quantity of tea and other necessaries for the use of the crew of the *Alabama*. A letter from Holyhead says: "Her crew—rather numerous, by-the-way—were all bearded like pards, and reminded the by-standers forcibly of Cooper's heroes. She is bound for America, and looks just the thing for running the blockade."

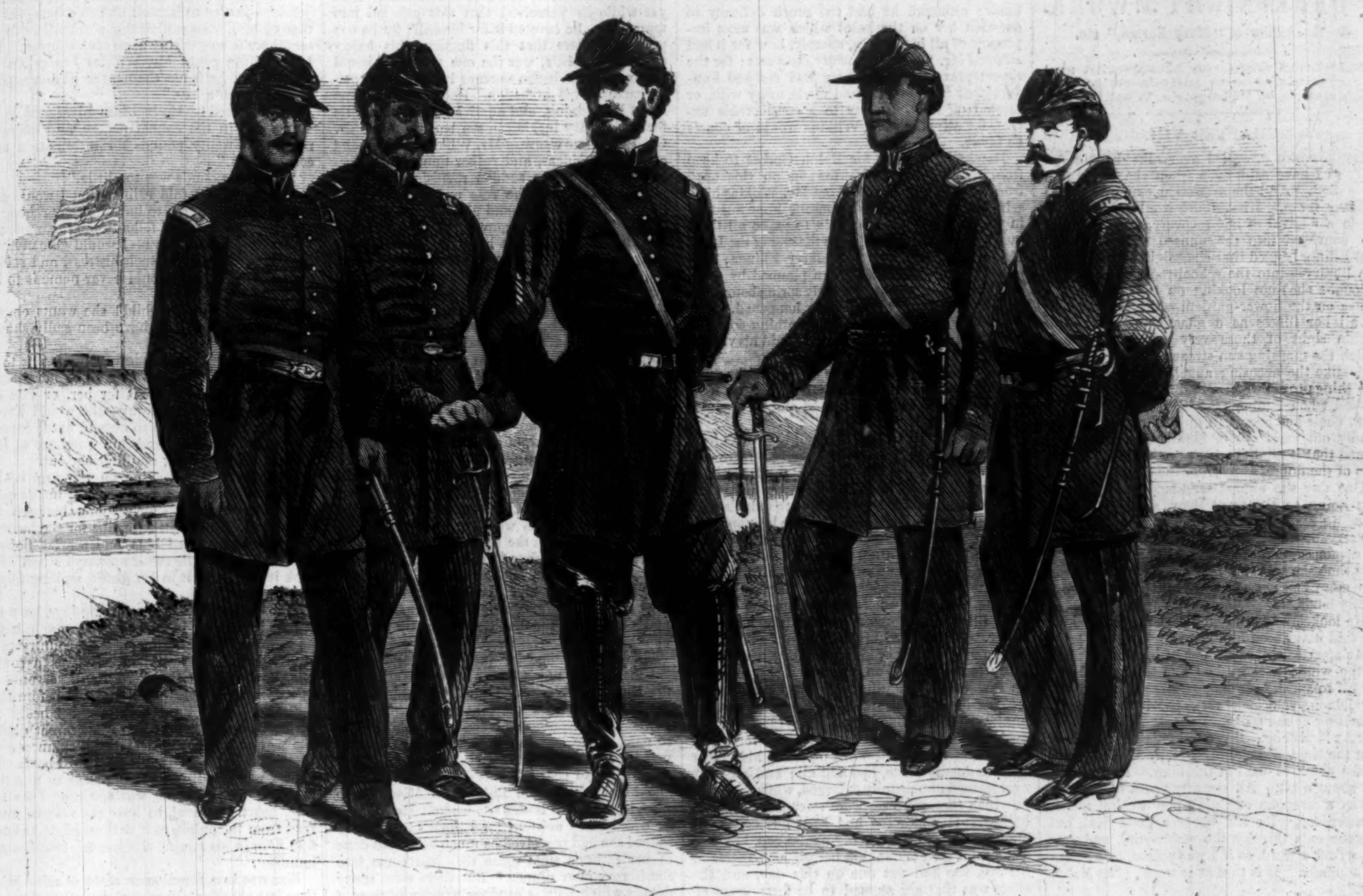
MEXICO.

THE WAR WITH FRANCE.

The Mexican nation are putting forth the most vigorous efforts for the defense of their country, while the movements of the French invaders are characterized by any thing but the dash and rapidity of movement which General Forey promised in his proclamation. The Emperor's direction to act promptly and decisively is apparently being carried out by the rule of inverse proportion. There have been several skirmishes between the Mexicans and French, in which the former have come off victorious. The attack on Puebla, so often deferred, has again been put off, and in the mean time the Mexican Commander Ortega is making it a sort of Sebastopol. The French trains and outposts continually suffer from the depredations of guerrillas and the fearful lasso of the wild Mexican. More than 1200 French mules have been taken by these men.



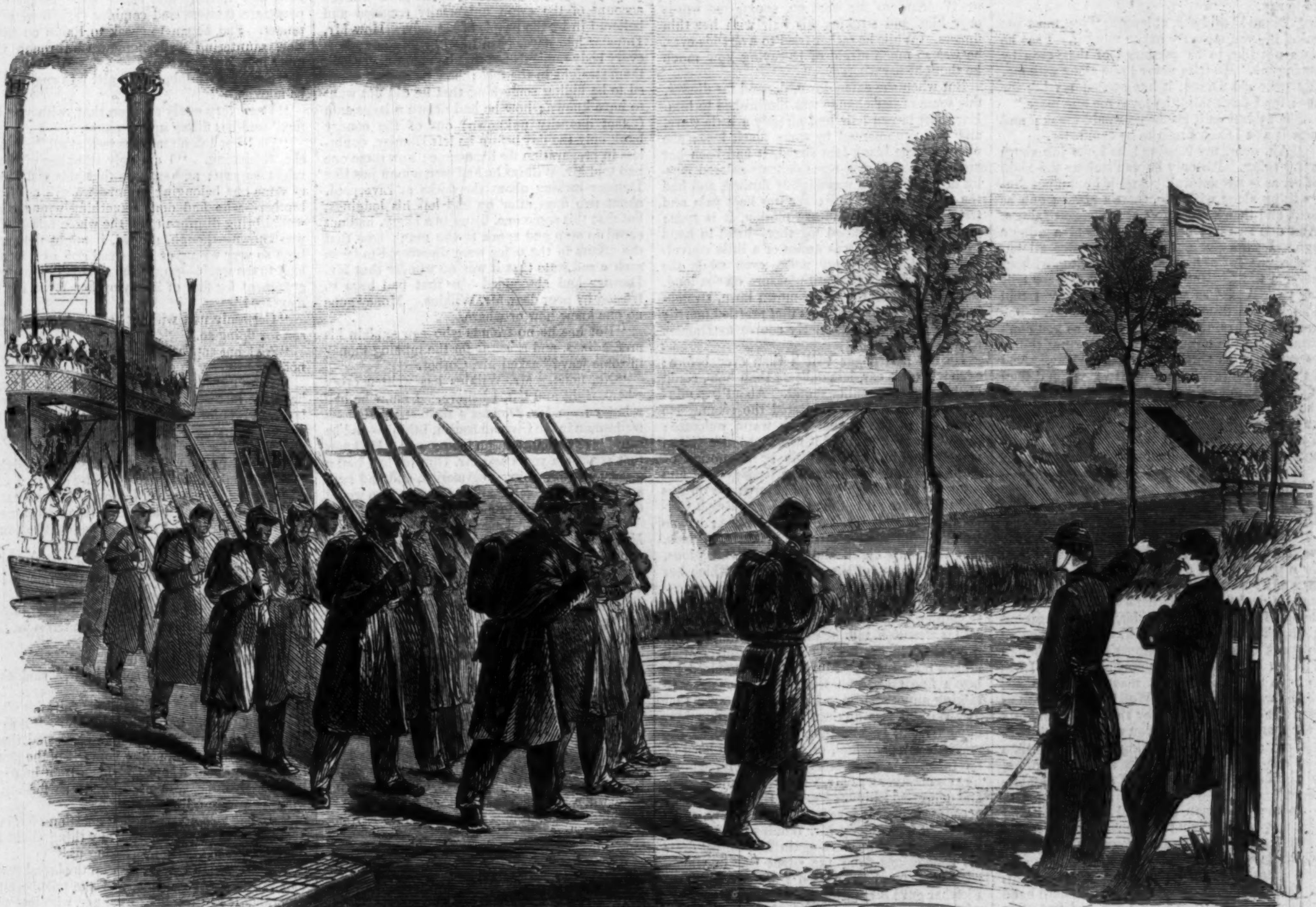
THE FEDERAL RAM "QUEEN OF THE WEST" ATTACKING THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "VICKSBURG" OFF VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 139.]



Capt. Charles Sentmanat, Co. D. 2d Lieut. V. Lavigne, Co. D. 1st Lieut. L. D. Larrieu, Co. A. 2d Lieut. J. L. Montieu, Co. A. Capt. E. Davis, Co. A.

OUR COLORED TROOPS—THE LINE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST LOUISIANA NATIVE GUARDS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 143.]



OUR COLORED TROOPS AT WORK—THE FIRST LOUISIANA NATIVE GUARDS DISEMBARKING AT FORT MACOMBE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 143.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VIII.

STILL youth prevailed over all. Ellinor got well, as I have said, even when she would fain have died. And the afternoon came when she left her room. Miss Monro would gladly have made a festival of her recovery, and have had her conveyed into the unused drawing-room. But Ellinor begged that she might be taken into the library—into the school-room—any where (thought she) not looking on the side of the house on the flower-garden, which she had felt in all her illness as a ghastly pressure, lying within sight of those very windows through which the morning sun streamed right upon her bed—like the accusing angel, bringing all hidden things to light.

And when Ellinor was better still, when the Bath chair had been sent up for her use by some kindly old maid out of Hamley, she still petitioned that it might be kept on the lawn or town side of the house, away from the flower-garden.

One day she almost screamed when, as she was going to the front door, she saw Dixon standing ready to draw her instead of Fletcher, the servant who usually went. But she checked all demonstration of feeling, although it was the first time she had seen him since he and she and one more had worked their hearts out in hard bodily labor.

He looked so stern and ill! Cross, too, which she had never seen him before.

As soon as they were out of immediate sight of the windows she asked him to stop, forcing herself to speak to him.

"Dixon, you look very poorly," she said, trembling as she spoke.

"Ay!" said he. "We did na' think much of it at the time, did we, Miss Nelly? But it will be the death of us, I'm thinking. It has aged me about a bit. All my fifty years afore were but as a forenoon of child's play to that night. Measter, too. I could abear a good deal, but measter cuts through the stable-yard, and past me, wi'out a word, as if I was poison, or a stinking toumart. It is that as is worst, Miss Nelly, it is."

And the poor man brushed some tears from his eyes with the back of his withered, furrowed hand. Ellinor caught the infection, and cried outright—sobbed like a child, even while she held out her little white thin hand to his grasp; for as soon as he saw her emotion he was penitent for what he had said.

"Don't now—don't," was all he could think of to say.

"Dixon!" said she, at length, "you must not mind it—you must try not to mind it. I see he does not like to be reminded of that, even by seeing me. He tries never to be alone with me. My poor old Dixon, it has spoiled my life for me; for I don't think he loves me any more."

She sobbed as if her heart would break; and now it was Dixon's turn to be comforter.

"Ah, dear, my blessing! he loves you above every thing. It's only he can't abear the sight of us, as is but natural. And if he dunnot fancy being alone with you, there's always one as does, and that is a comfort at the worst of times. And don't ye fret about what I said a minute ago. I were put out because measter all but pushed me out of his way this morning, without never a word. But I were an old fool for telling ye. And I've really forgotten why I told Fletcher I'd drag ye a bit about to-day. The gardener is beginning for to wonder as you don't want to see the annuals and bedding-out things as you were so particular about in May. And I thought I'd just have a word wi' ye, and then if you'd let me we'd go together just once round the flower-garden, just to say you've been, you know, and to give them chaps a bit of praise. You'll only have to look on the beds, my pretty, and it must be done sometime. So come along!"

He began to pull resolutely in the direction of the flower-garden. Ellinor bit her lips to keep in the cry of repugnance that rose to them. As Dixon stopped to unlock the door, he said:

"It's not hardness, nothing like it; I have waited till I heerd you were better; but it's in for a penny in for a pound wi' us all; and folk may talk; and bless your little brave heart, you'll stand a deal for your father's sake, and so will I though I do feel it above a bit, when he puts out his hand as if to keep me off, and I only going to speak to him about Clipper's knees; though I'll own I had wondered many a day when I was to have the good-morrow master never missed sin' he were a boy till— Well! and now you've seen the beds, and can say they looked mighty pretty, and is done all as you wished; and we're got out again, and breathing fresher air than yon sun-baked hole, with its smelling flowers, not half so wholesome to snuff at as good stable-dung."

So the good man chattered on; not without the purpose of giving Ellinor time to recover herself; and partly also to drown his own cares, which lay heavier on his heart than he could say. But he thought himself rewarded by Ellinor's thanks, and warm pressure of his hard hand as she got out at the front door, and bade him good-by.

The break to her days of weary monotony was the letters she constantly received from Mr. Corbet. And yet, here again lurked the sting. He was all astonishment and indignation at Mr. Dunster's disappearance, or rather flight to America. And now that she was growing stronger, he did not scruple to express curiosity respecting the details, never doubting but that she was perfectly acquainted with much that he wanted to know: although he had too much delicacy to question her on the point which was most important of all in his eyes, namely, how far it had affected Mr. Wilkins's worldly prospects; for the report prevalent in Hamley had reached London, that Mr. Dunster had made away with, or carried off trust-property to a considerable extent, for all which Mr. Wilkins would of course be liable.

It was hard work for Ralph Corbet to keep from seeking direct information on this head from Mr. Ness, or indeed from Mr. Wilkins himself. But he restrained himself, knowing that in August he should be able to make all these inquiries personally. Before the end of the Long Vacation he had hoped to marry Ellinor; that was the time which had been planned by them when they had met in the early spring before her illness and all this misfortune happened. But now, as he wrote to his father, nothing could be definitively arranged until he had paid his visit to Hamley, and seen the state of affairs.

Accordingly, one Saturday in August, he came to Ford Bank, this time as a visitor to Ellinor's home, instead of to his old quarters at Mr. Ness's.

The house was still as if asleep in the full heat of the afternoon sun as Mr. Corbet drove up. The window-blinds were down; the front door wide open, great stands of heliotrope, and roses, and geraniums stood just within the shadow of the hall; but through all the silence his approach seemed to excite no commotion. He thought it strange that he had not been watched for, that Ellinor did not come running out to meet him, that she allowed Fletcher to come and attend to his luggage, and ushered him into the library just like any common visitor, any morning-caller. He stiffened himself up into a moment's indignant coldness of manner. But it vanished in an instant when, on the door being opened, he saw Ellinor standing holding by the table, looking for his appearance with almost panting anxiety. He thought of nothing then but her evident weakness, her changed looks, for which no account of her illness had prepared him. For she was deadly white, lips and all; and her dark eyes seemed unnaturally enlarged, while the caves in which they were set were strangely deep and hollow. Her hair too had been cut off pretty closely; she did not usually wear a cap, but with some faint idea of making herself look better in his eye, she had put one on this day, and the effect was that she seemed to be forty years of age; but one instant after he had come in her pale face was flooded with crimson, and her eyes were full of tears. She had hard work to keep herself from going into hysterics, but she instinctively knew how much he would hate a scene, and she checked herself in time.

"Oh," she murmured, "I am so glad to see you, it is such a comfort, such an infinite pleasure!" And so she went on, cooing out words over him, and stroking his hair with her thin fingers. While he rather tried to avert his eyes, he was so much afraid of betraying how much he thought her altered.

But when she came down, dressed for dinner, this sense of her change was diminished to him. Her short brown hair had already a little wave, and was ornamented by some black lace; she wore a large black lace shawl, it had been her mother's of old, over some delicate-colored muslin dress; her face was slightly flushed, and had the tints of a wild rose; her lips kept pale and trembling with involuntary motion, it is true; and as the lovers stood together—hand in hand by the window, he was aware of a little convulsive twitching at every noise, even while she seemed gazing in tranquil pleasure on the long, smooth slope of the newly-mown lawn, stretching down to the little brook that prattled merrily over the stones on its merry course to Hamley town.

He felt a stronger twitch than ever before; even while his ear, less delicate than hers, could distinguish no peculiar sound. About two minutes after Mr. Wilkins entered the room. He came up to Mr. Corbet with warm welcome; some of it real, some of it assumed. He talked volubly to him, taking little or no notice of Ellinor, who dropped into the back-ground and sat down on the sofa by Miss Monro; for on this day they were all to dine together. Ralph Corbet thought that Mr. Wilkins was aged; but no wonder after all his anxiety of various kinds. Mr. Dunster's flight, and reported defalcations, Ellinor's illness, of the seriousness of which her lover was now convinced by her appearance.

He would fain have spoken more to her during the dinner that ensued, but Mr. Wilkins absorbed all his attention, talking and questioning on subjects that left the ladies out of the conversation almost perpetually. Mr. Corbet recognized his host's fine tact, even while his persistence in talking annoyed him. He was quite sure that Mr. Wilkins was anxious to spare his daughter any exertion, beyond that, to which indeed she seemed scarcely equal, of sitting at the head of the table. And the more her father talked—so fine an observer was Mr. Corbet—the more silent and depressed Ellinor seemed. But by-and-by he accounted for this inverse ratio of gayety, as he perceived how quicky Mr. Wilkins had his glass replenished. And here again Mr. Corbet drew his conclusions from the silent way in which, without a word or a sign from Mr. Wilkins, Fletcher gave his master more wine continually; wine that was drained off at once.

"Six glasses of sherry before dessert," thought Mr. Corbet to himself. "Bad habit—no wonder Ellinor looks grave." And when the gentlemen were left alone, Mr. Wilkins helped himself even yet more freely; yet without the slightest effect on the clearness and brilliancy of his conversation. He had always talked well and racily, that Ralph knew, and in this power he now recognized a temptation to which he feared that his future father-in-law had succumbed. And yet while he perceived that this gift led into temptation, he coveted it for himself; for he was perfectly aware that this fluency, this happy choice of epithets, was the one thing he should fail in when he began to enter into the more active career of his profession. But after some time spent in listening, and admiring, with this little feeling of envy lurking in the back-ground, Mr. Corbet became aware of Mr. Wilkins's increasing confusion of ideas, and rather unnatural merriment; and, with a sudden revulsion from admiration to disgust, he rose up to go into the library, where Ellinor and Miss Monro were sitting. Mr. Wilkins accompanied him, laughing and talking somewhat loudly. Was Ellinor aware of her father's state? Of that Mr. Corbet could not be sure. She looked up with grave sad eyes as they came into the room, but with no apparent sensation of surprise, annoyance, or shame. When her glance met her father's, Mr. Corbet noticed that it seemed to sober the latter immediately. He sat down near the open window, and did not speak, but sighed heavily from time to time. Miss Monro took up a book, in order to leave the young people to themselves; and after a little low-murmured conversation, Ellinor went up stairs to put on her things for a stroll through the meadows by the river-side.

They were sometimes sauntering along in the lovely summer twilight, now resting on some grassy hedge-row bank, or standing still, looking at the great barges, with their crimson sails, lazily floating down the river, making ripples on the glassy opal surface of the water. They did not talk very much, Ellinor seemed disinclined for the exertion; and her lover was thinking over Mr. Wilkins's behavior, with some surprise and distaste of the habit so evidently growing upon him.

They came home looking serious and tired; yet they could not account for their fatigue by the length of their walk; and Miss Monro, forgetting Autolycus's song, kept fidgeting about Ellinor, and wondering how it was she looked so pale, if she had only been as far as the Ash-meadow. To escape from this wonder Ellinor went early to bed. Mr. Wilkins was gone, no one knew where, and Ralph and Miss Monro were left to a half hour's tête-à-tête. He thought he could easily account for Ellinor's languor, if indeed she had perceived as much as he had done of her father's state when they had come into the library after dinner. But there were many details which he was anxious to hear of from a comparatively indifferent person, and as soon as he could he passed on from the conversation about Ellinor's health to inquiries as to the whole affair of Mr. Dunster's disappearance.

Next to her anxiety about Ellinor, Miss Monro liked to dilate on the mystery connected with Mr. Dunster's flight—for that was the word she employed without hesitation as she gave him the account of the event universally received and believed in by the people of Hamley. How Mr. Dunster had never been liked by any one; how every body remembered that he could never look them straight in the face; how he always seemed to be hiding something that he did not want to have known; how he had drawn a large sum (exact quantity unknown) out of the county bank only the day before he left Hamley, doubtless in preparation for his escape; how some one had told Mr. Wilkins he had seen a man just like Dunster lurking about the docks at Liverpool, about two days after he had left his lodgings, but that this some one, being in a hurry, had not cared to stop and speak to the man; how that the affairs in the office were discovered to be in such a sad state that it was no wonder that Mr. Dunster had absconded—he that had been so trusted by poor dear Mr. Wilkins. Money gone no one knew how or where.

"But has he no friends who can explain his proceedings, and account for the missing money in some way?" asked Mr. Corbet.

"No, none. Mr. Wilkins has written every where, right and left, I believe. I know he had a letter from Mr. Dunster's nearest relation—a tradesman in the City—a cousin, I think—and he could give no information in any way. He knew that about ten years ago Mr. Dunster had had a great fancy for going to America, and had read a great many travels—all just what a man would do before going off to a country."

"Ten years is a long time beforehand," said Mr. Corbet, half smiling; "shows malice prepense with a vengeance!" But then, turning grave, he said, "Did he leave Hamley in debt?"

"No, I never heard of that," said Miss Monro, rather unwillingly, for she considered it as a piece of loyalty to the Wilkinses, whom Mr. Dunster had injured (as she thought), to blacken his character as much as was consistent with any degree of truth.

"It is a strange story," said Mr. Corbet, musing.

"Not at all," she replied, quickly; "I am sure if you had seen the man, with one or two side-locks of hair combed over his baldness, as if he were ashamed of it, and his eyes that never looked at you, and his way of eating with his knife when he thought he was not observed—oh, and numbers of things!—you would not think it strange."

Mr. Corbet smiled:

"I only meant that he seems to have had no extravagant or vicious habits which would account for his embezzlement of the money that is missing—but, to be sure, money in itself is a temptation—only he being a partner, was in a fair way of making it without risk to himself. Has Mr. Wilkins taken any steps to have him arrested in America? He might easily do that."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Ralph, you don't know our good Mr. Wilkins! He would rather bear the loss, I am sure, and all this trouble and care which it has brought upon him, than be revenged upon Mr. Dunster."

"Revenged! What nonsense! It is simple justice—justice to himself and to others—to see that villainy is so sufficiently punished as to deter others from entering upon such courses. But I have little doubt Mr. Wilkins has taken the right steps: he is not the man to sit down quietly under such a loss."

"No, indeed! He had him advertised in the *Times* and in the county papers, and offered a reward of twenty pounds for information concerning him."

"Twenty pounds was too little."

"So I said. I told Ellinor that I would give twenty pounds myself to have him apprehended, and she, poor darling! fell a-trembling, and said, 'I would give all I have—I would give my life.' And then she was in such distress, and sobbed so, I promised her I would never name it to her again."

"Poor child—poor child! she wants change of scene. Her nerves have been sadly shaken by her illness."

The next day was Sunday: Ellinor was to go to church for the first time since her illness. Her father had decided it for her, or else she would fain have staid away—she would hardly acknowledge why, even to herself, but it seemed to her as if the very words and presence of God must there search her and find her out.

She went early, leaning on the arm of her lover, and trying to forget the past in the present. They walked slowly along between the rows of waving golden corn ripe for the harvest. Mr. Corbet gathered blue and scarlet flowers, and made up a little rustic nosegay for her. She took it and stuck it in her girdle, smiling faintly as she did so.

Hamley Church had, in former days, been collegiate, and was, in consequence, much larger and grander than the majority of country-town churches. The Ford Bank pew was a square one, down stairs; the Ford Bank servants sat in a front pew in the gallery, right before their master. Ellinor was "hardening her heart" not to listen, not to hearken to what might disturb the wound which was just being skinned over, when she caught Dixon's face up above. He looked worn, sad, soured, and anxious to a miserable degree; but he was straining eyes and ears, heart and soul, to hear the solemn words read from the pulpit, as if in them alone he could find help in his strait. Ellinor felt rebuked and humbled.

She was in a tumultuous state of mind when they left church; she wished to do her duty, yet could not ascertain what it was. Who was to help her with wisdom and advice? Assuredly he to whom her future life was to be trusted. But the case must be stated in an impersonal form. No one, not even her husband, must ever know any thing against her father from her. Ellinor was so artless herself that she had little idea how quickly and easily some people can penetrate motives and combine disjointed sentences. She began to speak to Ralph on their slow sauntering walk homeward through the quiet meadows:

"Suppose, Ralph, that a girl was engaged to be married—"

"I can very easily suppose that, with you by me," said he, filling up her pause.

"Oh! but I don't mean myself at all," replied she, reddening. "I am only thinking of what might happen; and suppose that this girl knew of some one belonging to her—we will call it a brother—who had done something wrong; that would bring disgrace upon the whole family if it was known—though, indeed, it might not have been so very wrong as it seemed and as it would look to the world—ought she to break off her engagement for fear of involving her lover in the disgrace?"

"Certainly not, without telling him her reason for doing so."

"Ah! but suppose she could not? She might not be at liberty to do so."

"I can't answer supposititious cases. I must have the facts—if facts there are—more plainly before me before I can give an opinion. Who are you thinking of, Ellinor?" asked he, rather abruptly.

"Oh, of no one," she answered, in affright. "Why should I be thinking of any one? I often try to plan out what I should do, or what I ought to do, if such and such a thing happened, just as you recollect I used to wonder if I should have presence of mind in case of fire."

"Then, after all, you yourself are the girl who is engaged, and who has the imaginary brother who gets into disgrace?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said she, a little annoyed at having betrayed any personal interest in the affair.

He was silent, meditating.

"There is nothing wrong in it," said she, timidly, "is there?"

"I think you had better tell me fully out what is in your mind," he replied, kindly. "Something has happened which has suggested these questions. Are you putting yourself in the place of any one about whom you have been hearing lately? I know you used to do so formerly, when you were a little girl."

"No; it was a very foolish question of mine, and I ought not to have said any thing about it. See! here is Mr. Ness overtaking us."

The clergyman joined them on the broad walk that ran by the river-side, and the talk became general. It was a relief to Ellinor, who had not attained her end, but who had gone far toward betraying something of her own individual interest in the question she had asked. Ralph had been more struck even by her manner than her words. He was sure that something lurked behind, and had an idea of his own that it was connected with Dunster's disappearance. But he was glad that Mr. Ness's joining them gave him leisure to consider a little. The end of his reflections was that, the next day, Monday, he went into the town, and artfully learned all he could hear about Mr. Dunster's character and mode of going on; and with still more skill he extracted the popular opinion as to the embarrassed nature of Mr. Wilkins's affairs—embarrassment which was generally attributed to Dunster's disappearance with a good large sum belonging to the firm in his possession. But Mr. Corbet thought otherwise; he had accustomed himself to seek out the baser motives for men's conduct, and to call the result of these researches wisdom. He imagined that Dunster had been well paid by Mr. Wilkins for his disappearance, which was an easy way of accounting for the derangement of accounts and loss of money that arose, in fact, from Mr. Wilkins's extravagance of habits and growing intemperance.

On the Monday afternoon he said to Ellinor, "Mr. Ness interrupted us yesterday in a very interesting conversation. Do you remember, love?"

Ellinor reddened, and kept her head still more intently bent over a sketch she was making.

"Yes; I recollect."

"I have been thinking about it. I still think she ought to tell her lover that such disgrace hung over him—I mean, over the family with whom he was going to connect himself. Of course the only effect would be to make him stand by her still more for her frankness."

"Oh! but, Ralph, it might perhaps be something she ought not to tell, whatever came of her silence."

"Of course, there might be all sorts of cases. Unless I knew more, I could not pretend to judge."

This was said rather more coolly. It had the desired effect. Ellinor laid down her brush, and covered her face with her hands. After a pause, she turned toward him, and said,

"I will tell you this; and more you must not ask of me. I know you are as safe as can be. I am the girl, you are the lover, and possible shame hangs over my father, if something—oh, so dreadful!"—here she blenched—"but not so very much his fault—is ever found out."

Though this was nothing more than he expected—though Ralph thought that he was aware what the dreadful something might be—yet, when it was acknowledged in words, his heart contracted, and for a moment he forgot the intent, wistful, beautiful face creeping close to his to read his expression aright. But after that his presence of mind came in aid. He took her in his arms and kissed her, murmuring fond words of sympathy, and promises of faith, nay, even of greater love than before, since greater need she might have of that love. But somehow he was glad when the dressing-bell rang, and in the solitude of his own room he could reflect on what he had heard; for the intelligence had been a great shock to him, although he had fancied that his morning's inquiries had prepared him for it.

He found it a very difficult thing to keep down his curiosity, as to all that Ellinor knew, during the next few days. It was a miserable thing to have this unspoken secret severing them like a phantom. But he had given her his word that he would make no farther inquiries from her. Indeed, he thought he could well enough make out the outline of past events; still there was too much left to conjecture for his mind not to be always busy on the subject. He felt inclined to probe Mr. Wilkins, in their after-dinner conversation, in which his host was frank and lax enough on many subjects. But once touch on the name of Dunster, and Mr. Wilkins sank into a kind of suspicious depression of spirits—talking a little, and with evident caution, and from time to time shooting furtive glances at his interlocutor's face. Ellinor was resolutely impervious to any attempts of his to bring his conversations with her back to the subject which more and more engrossed Ralph Corbet's mind. She had done her duty, as she understood it, and had received assurances which she was only too glad to believe fondly with all the tender faith of her heart. Whatever came to pass Ralph's love would still be hers; nor was he unwarned of what might come to pass in some dread future day. So she shut her eyes to what might be in store for her (and, after all, the chances were immeasurably in her favor); and she bent herself with her whole strength into enjoying the present. Day by day Mr. Corbet's spirits flagged. He was, however, so generally uniform in the tenor of his talk—never very merry, and always avoiding, as on principle, any subject that might call out deep feeling either on his own or any one else's part—that few people were aware of his change of mood. Ellinor felt them, though she would not acknowledge them; it was bringing her too much face to face with the great terror of her life.

One morning he announced the fact of his brother's approaching marriage; the wedding was hastened on account of some impending event in the duke's family; and the home letter he had received that day was to bid his presence at Stokely Castle, and also to desire him to be at home by a certain time, not very distant, in order to look over the requisite legal papers, and to give his assent to some of them. He gave many reasons why this unlooked-for departure of his was absolutely necessary; but no one doubted it. He need not have alleged such reiterated excuses. The truth was, he was restrained and uncomfortable at Ford Bank ever since Ellinor's confidence. He could not rightly calculate on the most desirable course for his own interests, while his love for her was constantly being renewed by her sweet presence. Away from her he could judge more wisely. Nor did he allege any false reasons for his departure, but the sense of relief to himself was so great at his recall home just at this time, that he was afraid of having it perceived by others; and so took the very way which, if his companions had been as penetrating as himself, would have betrayed him.

Mr. Wilkins, too, had begun to feel the restraint of Ralph's grave, watchful presence. Ellinor was not strong enough to be married; nor was the promised money forthcoming if she had been. And to have a fellow dawdling about the house all day, sauntering into the flower-garden, peering about every where, and having a kind of right to put all manner of unexpected questions, was any thing but agreeable. It was only Ellinor that clung to his presence—clung as though some shadow of what might happen before they met again had fallen on her spirit. As soon as he had left the house she flew up to a spare bedroom window, to watch for the last glimpse of the fly which was taking him into the town. And then she kissed the part of the pane on which his figure, waving an arm out of the carriage window, had last appeared, and went down slowly to gather together all the things he had last touched—the pen he had mended, the flower he had played with, and to lock them up in the little quaint cabinet that had held her treasures since she was a tiny child.

Miss Monro was perhaps very wise in proposing the translation of a difficult part of Dante for a distraction to Ellinor. The girl went meekly, if reluctantly, to the task set her by her good governess, and by-and-by her mind became braced by the exertion.

Ralph's people were not very slow in discovering that something had not gone on quite smoothly with him at Ford Bank. They knew his ways and looks with family intuition, and could easily be certain thus far. But not even his mother's skillfulest wiles nor his favorite sister's coaxing could obtain a word or a hint; and when his father, the squire, who had heard the opinions of the female part of the family on this head, began, in his honest, blustering way, in their tête-à-têtes after dinner, to hope that Ralph was thinking better than to run his head into that confounded Hamley attorney's noose, Ralph gravely required Mr. Corbet to explain his meaning, which he professed not to understand so worded. And when the squire had with much perplexity put it into the plain terms of hoping that his son was thinking of breaking off his engagement to Miss Wilkins, Ralph coolly asked him if he was aware that in that case he should lose all title to being a man of honor, and might have an action brought against him for breach of promise of marriage?

Yet not the less for all this was the idea in his mind as a future possibility.

Before very long the Corbet family moved en masse to Stokely Castle for the wedding. Of course Ralph associated on equal terms with the magnates of the county, who were the employers of Ellinor's father, and spoke of him always as "Wilkins," just as they spoke of the butler as "Simmons," without the prefix of his Christian name or title. Here, too, among a class of men high above local gossip, and thus unaware of his engagement, he learned the popular opinion respecting his future father-in-law—an opinion not entirely respectful, though intermingled with a good deal of personal liking. "Poor Wilkins," as they called him, "was sadly extravagant for a man in his position; had no right to spend money, and act as if he were a man of independent fortune;" and then his habits of life were criticised, and pity, not free from blame, was bestowed upon him for the losses he had sustained from his late clerk's disappearance and defalcation. But what different could be expected if a man did not choose to attend to his own business, and so on.

BEAR-HUNTING.

Sam Slick remarks in the "Clockmaker" that if you ask a fisherman suddenly, "How many fins has a cod at a word?" it is almost a certainty he can not tell you. I am quite sure that not one out of fifty frequenters of our zoological gardens could tell you, if they were asked, "Has a bear got a tail?" Having hunted, killed, skinned, and assisted in eating a great number of our black bears in Texas, I am in a position to state that they have tails, though very short ones.

There is what an old hunter would call "a right smart chance of bar" in the forests of the Southwest, though the numbers vary from their rambling habits, and from the failure or abundance of mast in certain districts. Thus in some years the mast perhaps will fail altogether, or partially, on the Colorado River, and yet be very plentiful on the neighboring Brazos; then the bears migrate, led by instinct, to the banks of the latter stream. It is those seasons when there is a general failure through the country of acorns, nuts, and other fruits, that are most fatal to Cuffee; for then, made bold by hunger, he invades the corn-fields, where the havoc he commits is soon discovered, and various are the methods employed to bring him to account for his larceny. As he always comes over the fence at one spot—for he is a creature of habit—until he has been disturbed or frightened away, he frequently falls a victim to an old musket, the barrel of which is half filled with slugs: to the trigger of it a string is attached; and this, passed round a stick set behind the stock of the gun, is for Bruin to stumble against, who thus commits unintentional suicide. Some of the negroes on the plantations are very expert in setting these guns.

Very often a planter, whose fields have been ravaged in this way, will inform his neighbors that on a particular day he means to have a bear-hunt, and they are invited to meet at his house, an hour before daylight, bringing with them all the mongrels, curs, and hounds that they can individually muster. A substantial backwoods breakfast discussed, the main features of which are usually venison-steaks, hot corn-bread, and coffee; the whisky-flask is handed round, and all having taken a "smile," merely to prevent the morning air from injuring them, "boot and saddle" is the word, and each, gun in hand, mounts his horse. The very dogs on such an occasion feel that something of importance is to be done, and burying their canine war-hatchets, forget to have a free fight among themselves, reserving their powers for the tough business instinct warns them is at hand. The order of the day is usually this: There is generally some one or two in the party who have an old steady dog or two called "start-dogs," broken exclusively to run nothing but bear. These ride in front round the headlands of the field, the rest of the party keeping with the main pack, a hundred yards or so in the rear. When the leaders come to where a bear has either entered or left the field, the "start-dogs" immediately own the scent, and open on the trail; the main pack are cheered on, and then comes a burst of dog-music that would do a cross countryman's heart good. The hunters throw down the fence-rails, which are easily replaced, and pass out. Sometimes the bear's den, generally an old tree-top that has been snapped off in some gale, is not more than two or three hundred yards from the fence, a bear having a decided objection to residing very far from his feeding-ground. On some occasions he is surprised in his hold, where he sits on his hams with quite a Fitz-James "come one, come all" expression on his countenance, and regards the dogs with what they consider a by no means inviting manner. Then comes the excited rush of the hunters, who, hearing the baying of the pack, dismount; and each hurries through the cane or brush as best he may, to get the first shot. At other times the quarry has a shrewd guess as to what is in the wind when he first hears the cry of the hounds, and puts his best leg first to get as far into the impenetrable recesses of the cane-brake as possible; the stout bamboos bend like rye-grass before his weight, and close in his rear, making it very difficult for the dogs to follow, and impossible for the hunters, who have to ride the best way they can, guided by the yelling of the hounds. I have known a bear get clear away very often owing to the impassable nature of the jungle. Clumsy as the beast looks, he is by no means inactive, and can travel very fast.

Occasionally, when very fat, he "trees," that is, climbs a tree, at once, even when not particularly pressed by his foes; at other times he is so bullied and pinched by them that he is forced to ascend. This is always a fatal step, as the dogs remain under the tree and bay him until some of the hunters arrive, when a well-placed ball generally finishes him. The shot, the death-mote sounded on a horn, soon bring up the stragglers of the hunt, when, if the burst has not been too severe or lasted too long, the game is left to be disemboweled by a negro or two, then placed on a mule, and borne in triumph to the platform, the sportsmen starting back to the field, to see whether another bear has visited it. I should here mention that very savage dogs are not the best for this sport; a bull-dog, who would seize a bear and hang on to him, would come to grief instantly; he would be killed, as they say out West, "before he knew what hurt him." The best dogs are those with whom discretion is the better part of valor; curs who will watch their opportunity and jump in, giving the bear a sharp pinch, and bound away again, to enjoy their little practical joke in safety. In wild cattle-hunting the reverse is the case, and I have frequently owed my life to my having had severe dogs.

Bears are never stalked in the same way as deer, although occasionally the "still hunter" comes across one in the woods; it will be as well, then, for him to make a sure shot, for a wounded bear is by no means a pleasant antagonist.

It is not at all an unusual occurrence in the backwoods to hear, toward evening, or early in the morning, the screams of a pig in mortal agony. The planter, overseer, or hunter who proceeds to the spot will find probably either a bear, a panther, or leopard cat making free with the pork; and if he can not then obtain a good shot, the best thing he can do is to return to the plantation, get all the dogs he can collect, and returning to the dead porker, put his pack on the trail of the murderer, who, unwilling to leave his prey, generally trees at once, and it very seldom happens that the guilty animal escapes.

The first bear I ever shot I killed in Brazos County, Texas. I was in search of wild-turkeys; and just as I had disengaged myself from a thicket of rattan vines, I heard a noise at the top of a large tree, the head of which had been blown off, and up it a large sour winter grape-vine had climbed, the fruit of which hung ripe, and in great profusion. The noise I heard was made by a bear, who had ascended the tree to feast upon the grapes, and who had discovered my arrival about the same time that I first saw him. He immediately began his descent on the opposite side to that on which I was, keeping the trunk of the tree very carefully between himself and my gun; and as he came down, at about every two feet, he kept poking his head round, first on one side, then on the other, to see my position, as well as what I was doing. I waited quietly for him till he had reached within about six feet of the ground, holding the gun to my shoulder, ready to fire on the side where I next expected to see his head appear. Sure enough, as I expected, round came his brown muzzle, and, at the same instant, twelve large buck-shot from my right-hand barrel cut half his neck away, severing the jugular vein, from which jets of blood came half as thick as my wrist. My poor pointer-bitch, Rose, who had been away on the scent of some turkeys, had returned just about the time I fired, and threw herself at once upon what she considered was an enormous turkey, but a convulsive blow of the dying brute sent her flying some ten or twelve feet. I shall never forget the expression of her face as she picked herself up, for fortunately she was not much hurt. As she approached very cautiously, she winded the bear, and set up all the hair on her back, uttering sharp barks; then she would look up into my face, and, wagging her tail, whine, asking, as plain as if she had spoken: "What on earth have we got here?" It was the first bear she had ever seen, as, indeed, it was the first wild one I had seen either.

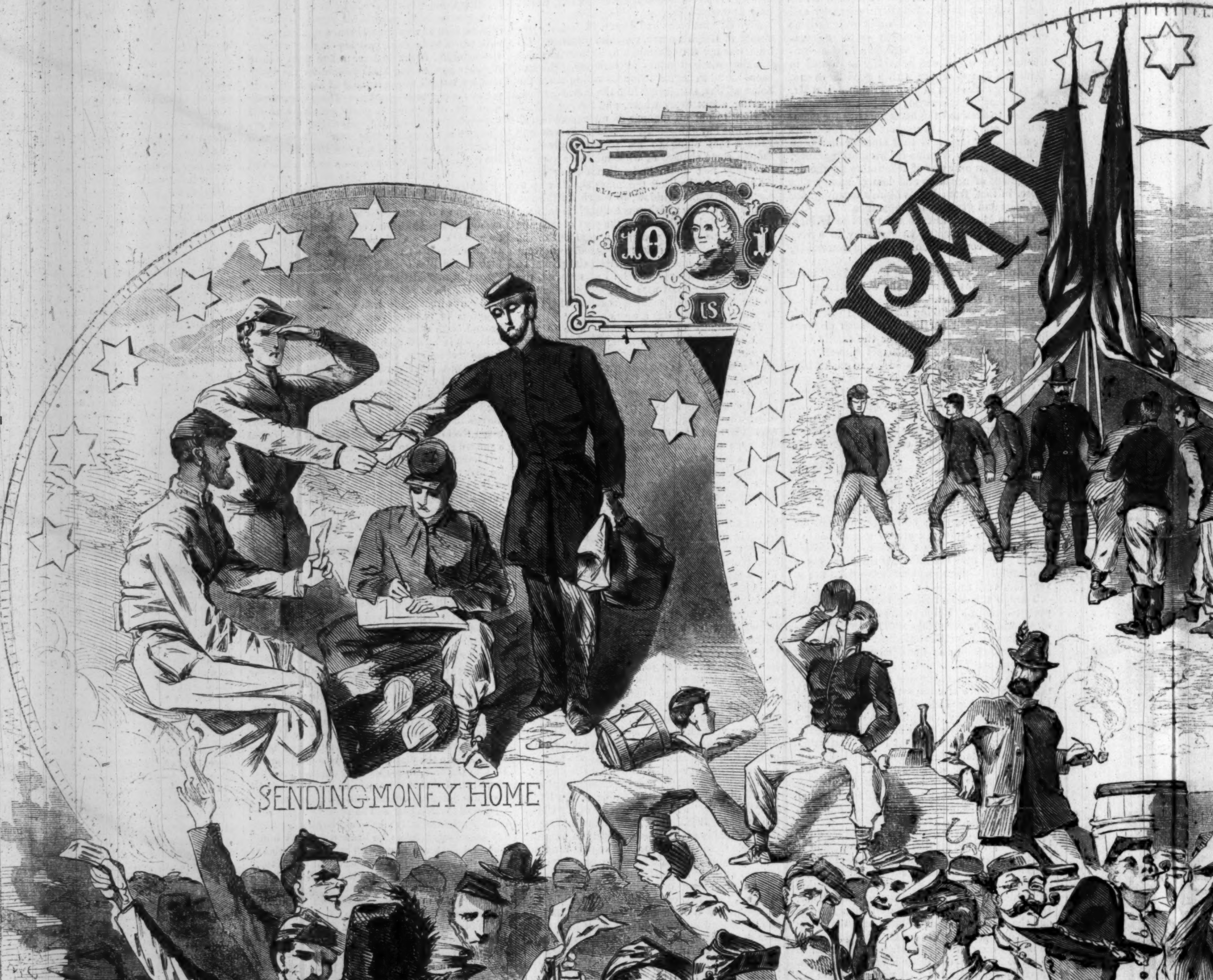
Owing to the open and warm winters the bears do not "house" themselves in the winter, as they do in Canada and the Northern States, although they shut themselves up, when the cold "northers" prevail, for a week or two. It is during the winter that the honey-stores of the wild-bees, and the hogs that roam the forest, suffer most, as there is then very little other food in the woods for them, except the grubs they find in the fallen trees.

As the planters often make prodigious crops of corn, they are sometimes obliged, for want of room, to put it for temporary accommodation into pens, made of rails, and roughly thatched, in the fields. These corn-cribs are frequently visited in the night by the bears, and many a vigil have I kept for them, rendered doubly long, as I could not permit myself the consolation of my pipe, the smell of which would have made all my trouble useless.

There are many good points about the Southern Bruins. They are quiet, harmless fellows, unless attacked and wounded; they then fight any odds bravely. The maternal instincts are very strong in the females, who will wage war to the last gasp in defense of their little ones. The old male is never seen with the female when she has cubs, probably from his having the same dislike to juveniles which some men have; he consequently leaves all the care and trouble of his family to his wife, like a bear as he is. They seem to think that there is luck in odd numbers, too, for three cubs will be oftener found with an old she-bear than any other number.

I was once hunting for a sugar-plantation on Caney Creek, in Matagorda County. The summer had been excessively dry; all the ponds had dried up, and so had the small streams, except here and there where there were deep holes. I had been accustomed both night and morning to seek a large and deep lake which lay in the forest about a mile and a half from the house. To this lagoon wild animals of all descriptions resorted for water, and I had on each visit been able to secure two or three deer, varied occasionally by a wild cow or hog. It was on the 3d of September, 1858, that I rode out to this place one afternoon about four o'clock, and having tied my horse where he could not be observed, repaired to my usual place of concealment to watch for game. The first animal that came within rifle-range was an old Mexican boar, but as he was worthless for meat, I allowed him to drink and depart in peace. Presently, the fluttering of some robins, as they are called, a kind of migratory thrush, showed from their hurry and clucking cry that some intruder had disturbed them. I had not long to wait to see what it was, for out rolled, with their peculiarly droll waddle, an old bear with her three, five, or six months' old cubs. They were about fifty yards from me, and right to windward, and while they were drinking I stretched myself flat on my stomach, resting the rifle in the fork of a peg I had set in the ground, and from which I had made many dead shots previously, and prepared to fire whenever the old lady should turn her head to me, so that I could get a fair shot at her eye. It may seem to those not acquainted with the subject that the eye of a bear is a very small mark to shoot at, and so it is; but the orifice in the skull is very large, although the eye itself is small—a ball, therefore, placed in or near the eye is certain, if fired from the front, to find the brain. She soon turned her head; and taking a very careful aim, I shot her through the corner of her right eye—the bullet, as I afterward discovered, passing out at the base of the left ear. She fell without a struggle, not even a kick of her legs. The cubs did not seem to be aware that any thing particular had happened, as I had hoped would be the case if I made a good shot; and I proceeded to load so that I could dispose of them at my leisure. Those who have never loaded a rifle when lying flat on the ground can form no idea of its difficulty; I have very often had to do this, and speak from experience. I succeeded in killing the three cubs, and then rode into the plantation, to have a cane cart and mules sent out to bring in the game. The house was full of company—several young ladies staying there from neighboring plantations, for a dance which was to be given the next evening. Proud enough I was as I rode in at the head of my prizes, for even in Texas it is not often any one has the luck to bag four bears of an evening. The mother was not in very prime condition, but the cubs were perfect lumps of grease, and would have delighted Poll Sweedlepipe's father or Mr. Finch.

The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St. Louis, Missouri, to El Passo, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, while a wild-boar beneath was reveling in the overripe dainties which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances Bruin threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider even involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the boar only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Cuffee's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of dust-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the boar for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and Bruin speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death.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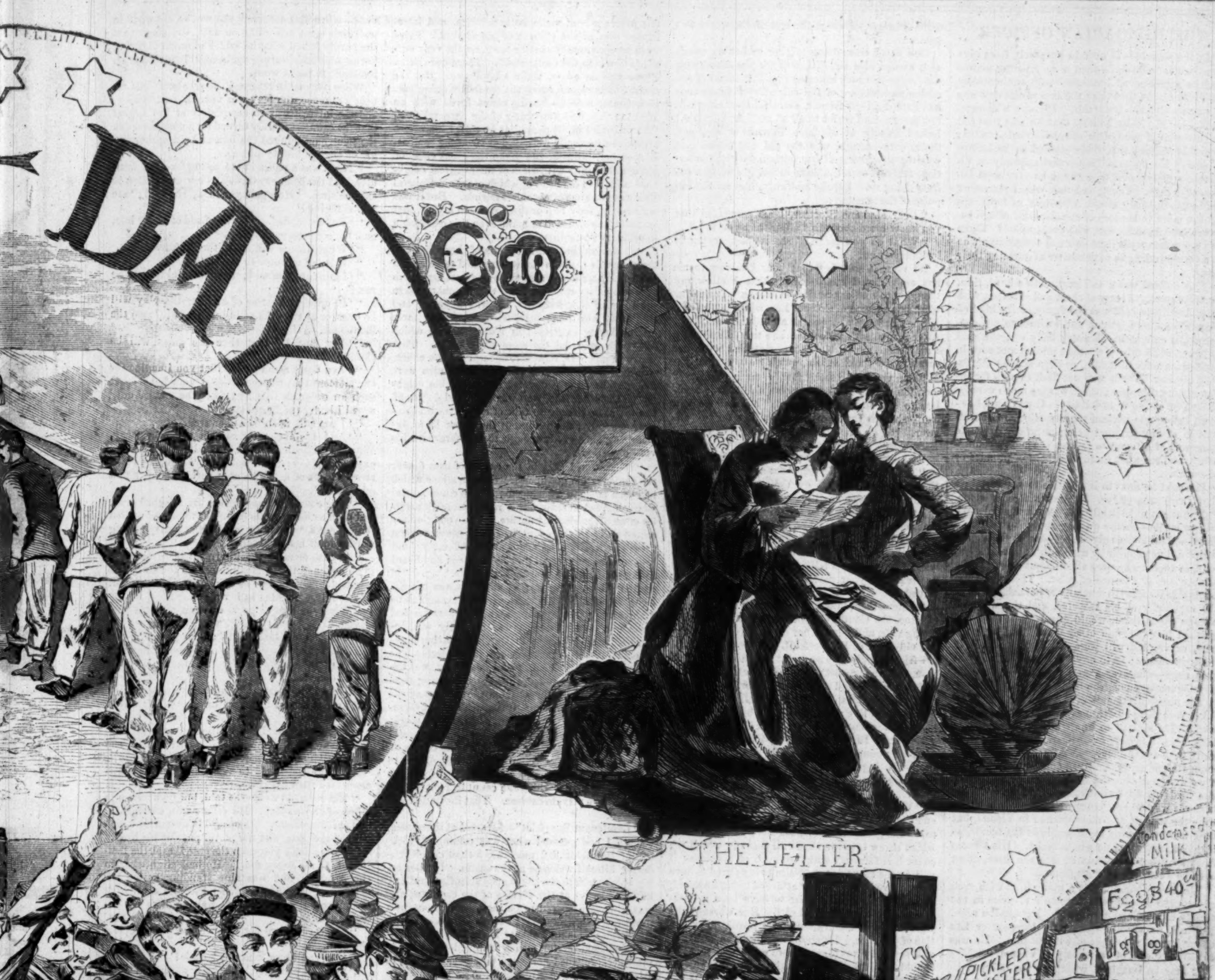
US
PAY
SENDING MONEY HOME
Brandy Pe
Homer
A DESCENT ON THE SUTLER

PAY-DAY IN THE ARMY OF THE POT


DAY
10
THE LETTER
Condensed Milk
Eggs 40cts
PICKLED OYSTERS

POTOMAC.—[Drawn by Mr. Homer.]

THE HUNGARIAN OFFICER.

IN the year 183- (I abstain purposely from giving the exact date), I—then a very young man—had an appointment connected with our embassy at Vienna. At that time the lion of the day was a certain Colonel Bergfeldt. He was a Hungarian, I believe; but I know that he was reported to be a man of good birth, of considerable wealth; and that beyond this little seemed to be known of him. He appeared somewhat suddenly in Viennese society; but, once there, he very soon became the rage. Young as I then was, I remember being prodigiously struck with him, and perhaps all the more so because of the disparity of age between us. As to *his* age, who could tell it?. There are some men with light hair and complexion who are very puzzling in that matter of guessing their age.

This colonel was a tall man, with a hard, thin, perfect figure. Plenty of chest and shoulder, with long fine limbs. It was the figure of the kind of man who, where fatigue and endurance are concerned, is sure to knock every body up; the kind of figure, of all others, the least seldom met with in connection with ill-health, or even sudden temporary disease. There was not flesh enough for inflammatory disorders; there was too much wire for those that spring from debility. It was long, however, before one noticed these particulars, the attention of any stranger being naturally given to some sort of attempt to fathom the man's countenance, and see what there was there of promise or of warning.

It would be next to impossible to say certainly that there was either. It was a face of stone. Pale, but not unhealthily so. A strange paleness, with a curious earthy quality about it that was a defect—almost the only defect—by daylight, but which did not appear by candle-light at all. Face, hair, and mustache were all different shades of the same color, or absence of color. This was what made this Hungarian specially remarkable, though the regularity of his features, and the want of change about them, would any way have distinguished him too from other men. Ability, coolness, nerve, and will were all marked legibly in his countenance; as to any thing else, certainly at that time—whatever I may be now—I was not physiognomist enough to be able to go deeper.

The accomplishments of the man were wonderful. Was there any thing he could not do, and do well? He seemed to know every thing. As to languages, I myself have heard him talk, apparently with equal fluency, in French, English, German, Italian, and Spanish in one evening. Then, if we went out shooting with him, his accuracy of aim made us all feel ashamed of ourselves. At billiards we had no chance with him. His horses were the wildest and most spirited in Vienna, but they were tame and manageable in his hands, as if they knew it was no use to resist. His success in every thing he attempted was the same, down even to waltzing and lansquenet.

Was it any wonder that a man gifted with such advantages should soon become a favorite in the society in which he appeared? He was the rage. No ball, no shooting-party, no banquet or fête champêtre was thought of without him. He was the life and soul of the society of Vienna.

It may be imagined what was the effect upon us all when this man, suddenly and without warning, disappeared from among us. The sensation made by his presence—great as it was—was nothing to that caused by his absence. His disappearance, I remember, was first remarked on the occasion of a grand ball at the French Embassy, at which he was to have been present; and great was the consternation among those ladies who had been keeping themselves without engagements throughout the evening, as hour after hour passed away and the colonel did not appear. From that time he was seen no more among us. His engagements for a month of festivities, of different sorts, were all broken through; and this, though one of the colonel's most remarkable characteristics was an almost scrupulous punctuality. It was the strangest thing. He was gone. This same punctuality, of which I have spoken, had, however, appeared in all his pecuniary dealings. He left no debt behind him. Every thing was paid up by his confidential servant, who left the town a few hours after his master.

The thing was a nine-days' wonder, and every soul among us was for that time occupied with incessant speculation as to what could possibly have become of this man, who had won the admiration of all the men, and turned the heads of half the women in Vienna.

Among my acquaintances made at Vienna was one whom I think I am justified in calling by the warmer title of friend. This was a certain Madame Stortzer, a lady who at that time occupied a high and influential position in our society, her husband being a member of the State Council, and quite one of the great men of Vienna. I had, on first coming out, brought introductions to Madame Stortzer from an old and valued friend of hers; and partly owing to this circumstance, and partly perhaps because my freshness of enjoyment and good spirits amused her, she had taken me socially altogether under her wing. In fact we were great friends, and few days passed without my spending an hour or two in her boudoir, gossiping pleasantly enough about all the news of the world we lived in.

Of course at the time I am speaking of it was only natural that our talk should often turn to the subject with which I have said that I, in company with every one else, was so much occupied—the Hungarian colonel and his extraordinary disappearance. Now it so happened that whenever our conversation did take this turn, I could not help observing that a curious expression came over the lady's face. It was quite involuntary, and indeed very slight and little noticeable; but still I did remark it, and that so invariably that I became at last impressed with the idea that some particulars in connection with this matter were known to Madame Stortzer, of which the rest of the world was ignorant.

One day I was sitting talking to her as usual, and, as was also usual, I was for the hundredth time expressing my surprise that this secret of the reason and manner of the colonel's disappearance had baffled all our friends, and that the thing still remained a dead secret to all of us. As I spoke, I looked fixedly at Madame Stortzer's face, and there, sure enough, was the old expression. It was the expression of one bursting with information, full of a secret, able to reveal it, but deterred from doing so. I spoke suddenly, and on the impulse of the moment:

"Dear Madame Stortzer, I am persuaded that you know more about this affair than you say."

"What do you mean?" she replied, trying to look displeased.

"I mean," said I, "that your kindness to me has emboldened me so much that I allow my thoughts to find expression in words. You know what has become of Colonel Bergfeldt."

She paused, and appeared a good deal confused. After a moment's indecision she turned suddenly and looked me in the face. Satisfied with her scrutiny she spoke at last, quickly and earnestly:

"Can you keep a secret for" (so many) "years?" mentioning the number of years, which it is needless to say have now elapsed. "I believe you can," she continued, without waiting for my answer. "I *do* know what has become of Colonel Bergfeldt."

"I knew it," I said, almost unconsciously.

"Hush," she continued, "not a word. Sit still there on that fauteuil by the stove and listen. What I know you shall know."

I took my place as she had directed me, and she went on:

"My husband, as you know, is a member of the Council, and it is from him that I have learned what I am going to tell you. Judge if secrecy is necessary on your part." I bowed, and she continued:

"Know, then, that some years ago an old friend of mine, the Count Vordenberg, took to himself a young wife, and carried her off to his château near the old town of Reigersfeldt. How surprised all his friends were! The count was a middle-aged man, and, though not advanced in years, was what is familiarly called an 'old bachelor.' He was a man, too, of excessively quiet and studious habits, who liked to live shut up with his books, and who, besides, was engaged in all sorts of scientific experiments. In short, he seemed the last man to marry a young lady such as he had chosen, who, besides being very pretty, was extremely animated and fond of gayety and change, almost to a fault.

"Well, the marriage took place, and the Count and Countess Vordenberg went off to their château to try the great experiment of life; an experiment which threw into the shade all those in which the count had formerly spent so much of his time. I will do the countess the justice to say that I believe her to have been sincerely attached to her husband, and that I also believe her to have been a highly principled, and a good girl. Her worst faults were a love of admiration and a frantic appreciation of pleasure. Dangerous qualities enough, you will say. It was almost more wonderful that she should have fallen in love with the count than that he should have fallen in love with her; but she was full of fancies, and I suspect that at the particular time when the count made his offer she had a fancy that she ought to be allied to a man older than herself, whom she could look up to, and so on. At all events she loved her husband, and went away to the old château full of happy anticipations.

"Alas, poor child! she had either miscalculated her forces, or had not made any calculations at all, in her whole life. At first it was all very well. There was the old castle to examine, and all its queer ins and outs to explore. There was novelty over all, and it was a pleasure to sport about her sober, middle-aged husband, and lighten him up with her almost childish frolics. Sometimes, it is true, even at first, it would happen that misgivings would come into her mind as she thought over the future—misgivings as to how she was to fill up the time between that present hour and the distant period when age should have begun to tame her down, and make that quiet which she now hated palatable and even delightful to her. Still, such thoughts as these held but unfrequent sway, and troubled her but little—at first.

"Time passed—time, that tries our strength so relentlessly—time, the only test—time, that shows the metal we are made of, whether it is gold, or iron, or paltry foil, or tinsel lacquer, or dross. Time passed, and Countess Vordenberg began to mope, and to complain that her very heart was weary. Heaven knows," continued Madame Stortzer, as she glanced up at the memorandums of her many engagements, in their place over the stove—"Heaven knows I do not blame her. Of course she ought to have remembered that she had committed herself to this life for better or worse, that she had married her husband because she loved him, that she had had a miserable home before, which was indeed the case, from which she wished at any price to get away, and that now it behooved her to make the very best of the life on which she had entered. No doubt this would have been only right; but still living such a different existence as I do, I dare not blame her for not being more resigned and contented in the old castle at Reigersfeldt.

"And her husband. It is a question how far he was to blame in not trying to accommodate himself and his habits to the requirements of his wife's nature. When two people enter on marriage they each sign a contract which demands of each some amount of concession to the other's peculiar requirements. No doubt if the count had chosen he might very much more have mitigated the dullness of which his wife complained. There was society to be had in the neighborhood if he had cultivated it, instead of rejecting the overtures of well-meaning people whose visits bothered him, and interrupted him in the pursuit of his studies. There were amusements too in the town, on the very outskirts of which the castle stood. There were balls. There was an opera, and a play-house. But the count was lazy, and hated the trouble of going out. Sometimes, indeed—for the count loved with an affection that had something of the parental in it, 'the disturber of his peace,' as he called his wife—sometimes he would for a day or two take compassion on her dullness, and make the great effort of going out to dine with some of their nearest neighbors, a family, the head of which a certain General Bremner, was one of his oldest friends. But it was very rarely, only two or three times in a year, that he could be persuaded to make even this concession to ordinary sociability.

"It was on the occasion of one of these visits to the general's that the count happened to be seated next an officer in the army who had just arrived to take temporary command of the dépôt quartered in the town of Reigersfeldt. He was a young and singularly handsome man, with a peculiar force and authority expressed in his demeanor, which his youth rendered the more remarkable. That youth of his was, however, enough for the count, who had a general idea that all young men were fools; so he simply devoted himself to his neighbor on the other side, who was a learned doctor of the town, and ready to talk of chemistry and science generally, to any extent the count liked, introducing long words enough to interfere with his very digestion.

"It happened that in the course of that dinner the conversation got upon some excavations which had been made in a distant part of the country, and which had led to some rather remarkable discoveries of an archæological nature. The young officer seated next to the count had been present when these discoveries were made, and now launched out into some account of all that he had seen and heard in connection with the subject. Nothing could exceed the count's surprise, unless it was his delight, as he listened to these particulars, and as he discovered that the young man, of whom he had conceived so slightingly, was not only well-informed on this particular matter, but was thoroughly acquainted with other antiquarian subjects. The learned doctor, the count's other neighbor, was deserted altogether, and during the remaining time that the company was at table the count and his new friend were continually engaged in conversation, which to the older man, whatever it might have been to the younger, was of the most surpassing interest. Naturally enough, in the course of it, an invitation was given to the young officer to ride over, when occasion served, and inspect the different curiosities which the count had got together in his own private cabinet. That invitation was accepted.

"Lieutenant Bergfeldt"—I started at that name, though I had guessed what was coming—"Lieutenant Bergfeldt had more ways than one of rendering himself welcome at the castle. Besides being able to talk to the count upon scientific matters, he was always at the service of the countess, and was always prepared to be her escort whenever a protector was necessary to her. The countess, a timid rider, was now able to make long excursions on horseback, having for her companion one of the most accomplished horsemen that ever put foot in stirrup. Did she desire, again, to go to some ball in the neighborhood, to some concert or opera in the town? there was the lieutenant ever ready to give her his arm, to see her to the carriage, to do all, in short, that her husband ought to have done. Cruel and selfish neglect," Madame Stortzer broke off; "wicked carelessness on the part of that husband, who so left to stand alone the frail fabric of a woman's weakness. Not," she continued, rapidly—"not that they erred, the Countess Constantia was a true wife."

"It was part of the same selfishness of the count's which made him so careless of what his wife did, so long as she did not interrupt him in his favorite pursuits—that neither would he sacrifice any of his habits, not even half an hour of his night's rest to her constitutional love of pleasure and change. If he did not get to bed early and have his due amount of sleep, he would not be fit for the labors of the next day. So the countess must be in every night by eleven o'clock. What she did till that hour was a matter of indifference to her husband, she might go where she liked and do what she liked before that hour; but by eleven she must be inside the castle gates. On one or two occasions there had been some slight infringement of this regulation, and the result had been that the count was so seriously displeased as actually to go the length of saying that from that time the porter at the gate would receive strict orders to close the doors at eleven o'clock, and not to open them after that hour to any living soul.

"Things were at this point, when one day the intelligence was brought to the castle by the Lieutenant Bergfeldt that a new company of actors of unusual ability had arrived in the town, and were to perform an adaptation of one of those French dramas of extreme interest which at the time I am speaking of were appearing continually at the Paris theatres. The lieutenant had seen the play in Paris, and gave so promising an account of it that the countess was wild to see it, and that very evening it was arranged that Lieutenant Bergfeldt should come to the castle and accompany her at the proper hour to the theatre. I think I have mentioned that the castle was just outside the town—"

Madame Stortzer paused for a moment, as if almost unwilling to go on, and described what followed with something of a hesitating reluctance.

"The play almost exceeded in interest even what the countess had expected, and when in the middle of an act, and at one of the most exciting moments of the story, the lieutenant suddenly leaned over to her and said that he had some inspection to make, some military duty to do—I know not what—which obliged him to be absent from the theatre for a short time, perhaps half an hour at most—when this occurred, she was so absorbed in watching what was going on upon the stage that she hardly heard what he said, and merely bowing her acquiescence, turned again eagerly to the scene, reluctant to lose a word.

When Bergfeldt returned, after about half an hour's absence, the play was near its termination, and the interest was so completely at its highest that the countess merely turned for a moment when the lieutenant entered the box and put up her finger to engage him to silence.

"There was a pause in the acting for a few minutes, and the countess turned to her companion to ask the time. 'How pale you look,' she said; 'are you suffering?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I was afraid of being late, and I have been running.'

"'What time is it?' asked the countess again.

"'It is ten minutes to eleven.'

"'I must go,' she said; 'how dreadful to lose the rest!'

"'In another quarter of an hour the play will be over, or at least the main interest of it,' said the lieutenant.

"'Yes, but by that time the gates will be closed.'

"'You don't mean to say that you imagine for one moment that the count—that your husb—that such an order as that will really be carried out,' urged Lieutenant Bergfeldt.

"'I am sure of it,' she answered.

"'And I am equally certain the other way. Why it is ridiculous. Take my advice and try the experiment. You can not always adhere to this arrangement of being in at a certain hour, like a school-girl.'

"'The count's arrangements are all good ones, and such as he has a perfect right to make,' replied the countess, who never would hear a disparaging word said of her husband.

"At that moment the intermediate scene came to an end, and the interesting part of the story was resumed. The crisis was evidently close at hand. The countess lingered in her place.

"When she rose to go it was ten minutes past eleven.

"The countess looked at her companion. She was as pale as he now, but infinitely less composed. In ten minutes more they were at the castle gate. It was closed.

"The countess trembled violently, as she said: 'What have I done? I knew that this would be so.'

"'Nonsense,' said the lieutenant, who himself was somewhat discomposed, 'it is only a joke. The thing will never be persisted in. Ring the bell, Lorenz,' he continued to the coachman, who had descended from his place.

"The man did as he was told, but no notice was taken of the appeal. He rang again and again, and at last a window was opened in the turret which flanked the gate, and the porter put out his head.

"'Why don't you open the gate?' said the lieutenant, in an angry tone. He had alighted from the carriage, and was now standing beside the coachman. 'What do you mean,' he continued, 'by keeping your mistress waiting here at this time of night?'

"'My orders are not to open the gate,' replied the man.

"'Do you know who this lady is?'

"'I know perfectly,' the porter answered. 'But what can I do?'

"'Do! why, open the gate instantly!' cried the lieutenant.

"'I dare not do it,' the man replied.

"'Hans Tramer,' said the countess, speaking for the first time, 'it is I who ask you to let me in.' I must mention (continued Madame Stortzer), that the countess was a favorite with all her dependents, having won upon them by her gentle and gracious ways. 'Hans,' she went on, 'I will be responsible for the consequences. You shall not lose your place.' The man hesitated.

"'Hans,' said the Countess Constantia, 'when your wife was at the worst of the fever which is still upon her, I did not hesitate to come and see her at the risk of my life.'

"The man's head disappeared at the turret-window, and soon the sound of unfastening bolts and bars was heard behind the great doors.

"The lieutenant took his leave at the door, as his custom was, and the countess bade him good-night, and went into the house. Cautiously, and on tip-toe, she approached the room in which her husband was lying, for she hoped that he might still be asleep in spite of the noise which had been made at the gate, and she was very willing to defer all explanation till the morrow. There was no sound in the room, and the lady approached the bed congratulating herself that the count was still asleep. As she drew nearer something strange about her husband's position struck her, and looking at him more closely she observed that his eyes were partly open.

"In another moment the castle was ringing with the countess's shrieks, and the whole household rushed to the apartment in which the count lay—dead."

Madame Stortzer paused for a moment, but I did not interrupt her, although I was breathless to hear the rest. Presently she went on:

"It was at first thought that the count had died a natural death, but on examination of the body it was found that there were evident signs of suffocation. There were marks on the throat and evidence of heavy pressure on the chest, which left little doubt that violence had been used, though every effort had been made to conceal the signs of it. Of course a most searching inquiry took place with a view to the discovery of the murderer, but it was wholly unavailing. The count had retired to bed at an unusually early hour, and none of the servants had heard any noise in the house, or seen any strange person about the premises. Hans Tramer, the porter, was of course more specially examined, in order that it might be ascertained whether any one had, in the course of the evening, passed through the gate, and it then came out that for some time the porter had left the lodge in charge of his little boy, while he went in to look after his wife, who was still suffering from the remains of a severe attack of fever. The man was devotedly attached to his wife, and had in this respect unquestionably neglected his duty. As to the boy's evidence, little could be made of that. He said, indeed, that he had seen a man muffled up in a cloak pass into the castle, but that he took no notice of this, as he felt sure at the time that it was Lieutenant Bergfeldt, to whom he knew that the entrée of the castle was accorded at all hours. The child stuck to this statement even in the teeth of the lieutenant's own contradiction of the story; but as by his own account he had been asleep part of the time when he ought to have been watching the gate, no importance was attached to his evidence. The lieutenant's word, of course, went for more than that of the porter's little son. I must mention, by-the-by, that no one was more energetic than Lieutenant Bergfeldt in trying to find out the real criminal, but neither his efforts nor any one else's were in this respect successful.

"I will not dwell," Madame Stortzer continued, "on the grief and self-reproach of the countess. Her attachment to her husband had been sincere, and the thought that she had been disobeying his injunctions at the very moment of his death was almost worse to bear than even the death itself, with all its attendant horrors. For some time she refused to see any one, and remained altogether shut up in her rooms, not even going out for air and exercise. Lieutenant Bergfeldt, indeed, she was obliged to communicate with from time to time, as he it was who was foremost in pursuing all those investigations which were necessitated by the peculiar circumstances of the count's death. Old General Bremner, too, it was necessary that she should see occasionally, as he had been appointed by the late count to administer his affairs. The countess was left well off, every thing, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, being bequeathed to her by the will of her late husband.

"I have said that the widow was brought, from time to time, in contact with Lieutenant Bergfeldt. It was impossible to imagine any thing more perfect than the mixture of respect and sympathy with which this young officer approached the bereaved lady. For some time no allusion was made between them to her affliction, and their intercourse was confined almost entirely to matters of business; but after a while, and in a manner insensibly, the lieutenant would allow himself to say some sympathetic word, to make some mention of his respect for the deceased count, to allude to the intimacy which had existed between them. By degrees, too, and after a long interval, he would allow, as if accidentally, some expression to escape him indicative of the intense feeling of commiseration with which he was penetrated as he looked on and saw what were the sufferings of the young widow—feeling all the time so helpless to relieve those sufferings in any way whatever. But why do I speak thus?" said Madame Stortzer, interrupting herself impatiently. "The man laid out his plan like an artist, and day by day, hour by hour almost, the consolation of his presence became more and more necessary to the countess.

"Consolation is a dangerous thing, when the consoler is a man possessed of such qualities as this Lieutenant Bergfeldt, and when the consoled is a young and pretty woman, with large means at her disposal. Before the year was out it became evident to those who stood by and watched that the poor old count would soon have a successor, and ere the second year was half through Lieutenant Bergfeldt was established in the old castle, lord of its mistress and of all the place contained.

"I am near the termination of *my* part of the story," my friend went on. "His object gained, this unhappy woman in his power, and all her possessions within his grasp, it became unnecessary for him to play his amiable part longer, and very soon this ill-starred lady found to her dismay that she had sacrificed herself to a man whose dark will was unfettered by any restraints such as the heart and the conscience exercise over less cold-blooded mortals. Periods of ill-usage and neglect at home were followed by seasons when the poor woman was altogether deserted by her cruel and unscrupulous master. Sometimes even she would hear nothing of him for months together, and, indeed, there is little reason to doubt that the less she heard of his proceedings at such times the better.

"It was during one of these absences from the castle, no doubt, that Colonel Bergfeldt, as he is now called, made his recent sojourn in Vienna. You yourself were the witness of his success in one society, and you, like every one else, were astonished at his sudden withdrawal from it. When I have accounted to you for that withdrawal all that I have got to tell in connection with this strange and terrible affair will be at an end.

"It is only a few days since that the people about the palace here were a good deal astonished by the arrival at the gates of a certain old priest, who came up from a distant part of the country, and desired to have an audience of the emperor, alleging that he had a communication to make of the very greatest possible importance, and which he could or would only make to the emperor himself. It is one of the curious, apparent inconsistencies of our despotic governments that the sovereign is quite accessible; so it was no great wonder that that petition of the old priest's was granted, and he was admitted to an audience with the emperor. The old man said that he had felt for some time that his own end was near, and that he had traveled, in spite of his many infirmities, a long distance, in order that he might reveal to the Father of the People certain secrets which, as they concerned others, he felt ought not to die with him. And then he spoke at once of this man, the Colonel Bergfeldt. The marriage ceremony, which the priest himself had performed between the countess and Bergfeldt, had been a vain and empty ceremony, the latter having at the moment when it was celebrated a wife still living—an unprincipled woman, who consented to keep the thing secret in consideration of a certain annual sum paid to her by the colonel. These circumstances had come to the knowledge of the priest under the seal of the confessional; for it was one of the fantastic elements in Bergfeldt's character that he still held to the performance of some of the rites of religion, or, as it should be called in this case, perhaps, of superstition.

"Under the same seal of secrecy, too," continued Madame Stortzer, "there came to the priest's knowledge the true story of the death of the old count. You have no doubt guessed already who was the perpetrator of that cruel murder. When I told you of that temporary absence of the colonel's from the theatre on the night when that crime was committed, you guessed, I have no doubt, that it was no military, or indeed any other duty, that took him away, but that his object in absenting himself was to get that opportunity of taking the life of the man who had admitted him to his house, and given him his confidence and his friendship. You guessed rightly. On that dreadful night this wicked and merciless man, who had long entertained the desire to possess himself of his friend's wife, and of his money too—on that night when he left the theatre he managed—that lucky accident of the porter's absence from his post favoring him—to pass the gate unobserved by every body but the child, whose evidence was not taken in contradiction to the colonel's own statement. It was he who committed that crime which he was afterward so busy in trying to trace. It was he who profited by it, and became possessed of the goods and the wife of the friend whom he had treacherously slain."

"And was this the man," I asked, for I could hardly believe it, "with whom we have all been associating on terms of intimacy?"

"The same," replied my friend. "I have little doubt—for I forgot to mention just now that his first wife is lately dead—I have little doubt that he came now to Vienna with the intention of making some other unhappy girl his victim. He would calculate, and with justice, that a woman of the countess's weak and yielding nature would easily be kept silent, or, as his marriage with her was illegal at the time when it was made, perhaps he thought, being tired of her, that he might now get rid of her altogether. Of these things, however, I know nothing; they may have been in his mind or they may not. At all events his career is cut short."

"And how was his arrest managed?" I asked.

"Oh," replied Madame Stortzer, "I saw it with my own eyes. You were not at the ball at Madame de Merville's, I remember, or you would have seen the arrest yourself, though of course you would not have understood it any more than I did. The colonel was waltzing—you remember how wonderfully he used to dance—he was waltzing with that lovely Baroness Brenn, and many of us, I among the rest, were looking on at them and the other dancers. After a certain time they paused near to where I was standing to get breath and rest a little. An officer in an Austrian uniform, who had also been one of the spectators, came quietly round to the colonel's side, and said a few words which I could not hear. I managed, however, to catch the colonel's reply: 'I suppose there is time for another turn?' His answer was, I suppose, in the negative; for shortly after I heard the colonel say to his partner, 'A friend has arrived at my house on urgent business. It is necessary that I should see him immediately; but I shall be back in a short time, and we will finish this valse after supper.' He handed the baroness to a seat, and left the room in company with the Austrian officer."

"And that was the arrest of a murderer?"

"It was."

"And this is all you know?" I asked.

"All I know *now*," answered Madame Stortzer. "But come and see me again to-morrow at this time, and I shall doubtless have more to tell you. But remember," she continued, gravely, "remember your promise."

I pledged myself once more, and left her.

The next day I was punctual to the appointment.

"Well," I said, as I sat down in my old place by the stove, "have you any more to tell me?"

"Yes," answered Madame Stortzer, "I have indeed. The drama is near its termination, and the curtain will soon rise upon the last act."

"He is to die, then?" I asked.

"The council was assembled," Madame Stortzer replied, "by the emperor directly after his first interview with the old priest. The colonel has been condemned, and is to die in a few days. But it was more of the countess that I wished to speak to you just now. She has arrived in Vienna."

"Arrived in Vienna?"

"I know not how," continued Madame Stortzer, "the tidings reached her of her husband's arrest, of his being charged both with the murder of the old count, and of the invalidity of the marriage between the colonel and herself. These tidings *have* reached her, at any rate; and now that wondrous love which only mothers know, has strengthened her even in this moment of her agony, and she has come up here to petition that a new marriage may take place between her and the colonel before he dies, in order that the two children which have been born to them may not be deprived of the advantages of legitimacy."

"And do you mean to say," I asked, "that such a marriage is to take place?"

"It is to take place," answered Madame Stortzer, "within the very walls of the prison, the night before the execution takes place. The wife and the husband are to meet before the altar. They are not to see each other either before or after the ceremony, nor is one word—except the words of the marriage-service—to be exchanged between them."

"Her strength will break down under such an ordeal," I said.

Madame Stortzer did not answer at first. "I have seen her," she said presently, "and rendered her what services I could. She is now almost in a state of unconsciousness of what happens around her. Her grief seems to have stunned her. In such a condition she may get through this last terrible trial, but it is a chance. No one could pronounce on it with certainty. I think," Madame Stortzer went on, "that she hardly knew me, though we were school-girls together, and intimate friends before her marriage with Count Vordenberg."

I was very young when the events I am describing took place. I was at that age when, if in Paris, I must always go to the Morgue. I had not had suffering enough to make scenes of misery and horror intolerable to me. A strange desire took possession of me now to be a witness of that last scene which was to end this strange, eventful history. Now I should shrink from such a thing, do any thing, go any where, to avoid it.

I mentioned what was in my head to Madame Stortzer.

"Do you really wish it?" she said. "Why unnecessarily be present at a scene of such unutterable misery and terror?"

My friend argued long and earnestly against my desire, but it was not to be shaken. A strange infatuation it was. I seemed unable to resist it. I dreaded the thing unspeakably, yet felt that it *must* be done.

At last Madame Stortzer's arguments gave way before my obstinacy. It was not difficult for her to obtain for me what I wanted. Her husband was an excellent man, and may have been, very likely, a wise senator as well; but one quality he certainly did not possess, and that was the power of resisting his wife's will. It was soon arranged that I was to be smuggled into the fortress, and was to be a concealed spectator of all that took place on the night of the wedding. From the moment that this was arranged I think I would have given any thing to have receded from what I had committed myself to so eagerly.

I shall never forget that night, or the scene of which I was the witness. The little chapel of the prison was so situated that it was approached by various passages or corridors communicating with different parts of the main building. Each of these corridors had a separate entrance in the chapel, and it was so arranged, no doubt in order that different classes of prisoners might enter the consecrated building without being necessarily brought in contact with each other. I was placed in a dark corner, close to the altar, from which post I could see every thing that passed without being myself observable. The chapel was dimly lighted by the candles on the altar, and by the faint glimmer of the small hanging lamp which burnt before it, and which was never allowed to go out. On the steps of the rude altar stood the priest, attended by a single chorister, waiting till the moment should come when his office was to be performed. One or two jailers and attendants were about the chapel, but one only knew they were there by hearing the echo of their faint whisperings, the great shadows thrown by the pillars and by the massive stone-work of the building rendering it impossible to see them.

In that dead silence the faintest and most distant sounds were distinctly audible, and it was not long before I heard the grating of bolts and the shutting of a heavy door in a remote part of the building. By-and-by there were more such sounds, and then I heard the trampling of feet, apparently very near to me but behind the wall. In another moment a door opened close to where I stood, and there entered, first some of the superior officers of the prison; and then, walking between two turnkeys and heavily manacled, there appeared the man whom I, as a boy, had admired so much—the man who had seemed to me to unite all the qualities which could make life enviable—the man whom I had last seen caressed and made much of in the gayest saloons in one of the most brilliant capitals of the world.

Just Heaven! what a man this was! Had that inconceivable heroism and strength which belonged to him been employed in some good cause, how glorious his career might have been, and his life, how useful to his fellow-men! He was almost unchanged. He was, as I have said before, always very pale; he may have been a shade paler, and the lines of his face may have been dug a little, a very little, deeper. Otherwise he was unaltered, and but for the difference in his dress he was still the same man who had carried all before him in the drawing-rooms of Vienna. If I could have been seen in my dark corner, I am pretty sure that it would have appeared that I was infinitely more moved by his position than he was himself.

For one moment he flinched, and did seem to feel some part of the horror of the situation. It was when, after he had stood there before the altar for some short time, with the faint light of the hanging lamp upon his terrible face, a sort of strange rumor filled the chapel that some one else was approaching, and presently, by a door opening into the chapel, exactly on the opposite side of the building to that by which he had entered it, his wife, closely veiled, and attended by two ladies, whose features were also concealed, but one of whom I thought was Madame Stortzer, was supported into the chapel.

It seems almost wrong to speak of agony so terrible as this of which I was a witness. Directly she reached the altar the countess lifted her veil, and it was then that that momentary change of which I have spoken did come over the stony features of the man beside her. As to the countess herself, she absolutely seemed lost; there was hardly recognition in the gaze which she fixed on her husband—as I will call him in anticipation—and which never, I believe, throughout the ceremony, which commenced immediately, was removed for a moment from his face. It is my hope that she was in some sort, by long suffering and the horror of the situation, reduced to a state of half-stupefaction. I do not know that during the celebration of the marriage she spoke. She may have done so, the priest must have known, but I heard no sound of her voice, nor saw a movement of her ashy lips. Her eyes were fixed with a scared, side-long glance on her husband; and I believe she took no more part in what went on than we take in our dreams. But when all was over, and the man stooped down to kiss her forehead—then she awoke. Then she knew all. Then she knew that they were to part, that he was already surrounded by the guards who were to take him away, that that taking away was to death; and then the old love for him broke out, and about his neck and his fettered hands she hung, with such cries and lamentations as made the very walls give back the sounds of agony that woke a keener echo yet in the hearts of those who stood by and listened!

It was mercy to bring such misery as this to an end. The governor of the prison whispered the priest to ask if all was done, and then signing to his men, those two but now united were torn apart, and by those separate ways by which they had come into that terrible place, the husband went his way to death, and the wife back to a home where happiness might never come, but where the voices of her children should bring her comfort in the days that were yet to follow.

THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

We illustrate on page 132 the attack of the Federal ram *Queen of the West* upon the rebel ram *Vicksburg*, off the city of Vicksburg, on February 2. The following letter to the *Herald* gives a graphic account of the affair:

Mississippi River, near Vicksburg, *Feb.* 2, 1863.

A very exciting scene was witnessed here this morning. The Union ram *Queen of the West*, Captain E. W. Sutherland, ran the blockade of the rebel batteries at Vicksburg. Colonel Charles R. Ellet, commander of the ram fleet, was on board of her, and directed all her movements. The event has created great excitement in this vicinity. When the rebels saw the ram run into the rebel steamer, near the city, and then pass down the river uninjured, they were not less astonished than chagrined, because it was believed, by them at least, that no Union steamboat could safely pass their formidable batteries.

The following is a partial list of the officers on board the ram: Colonel Charles R. Ellet, in command; E. W. Sutherland, Captain; J. E. Tuthill, First Lieutenant; Sims Edison, Master; J. C. Duncan, Master; Reuben Townsend, Engineer.

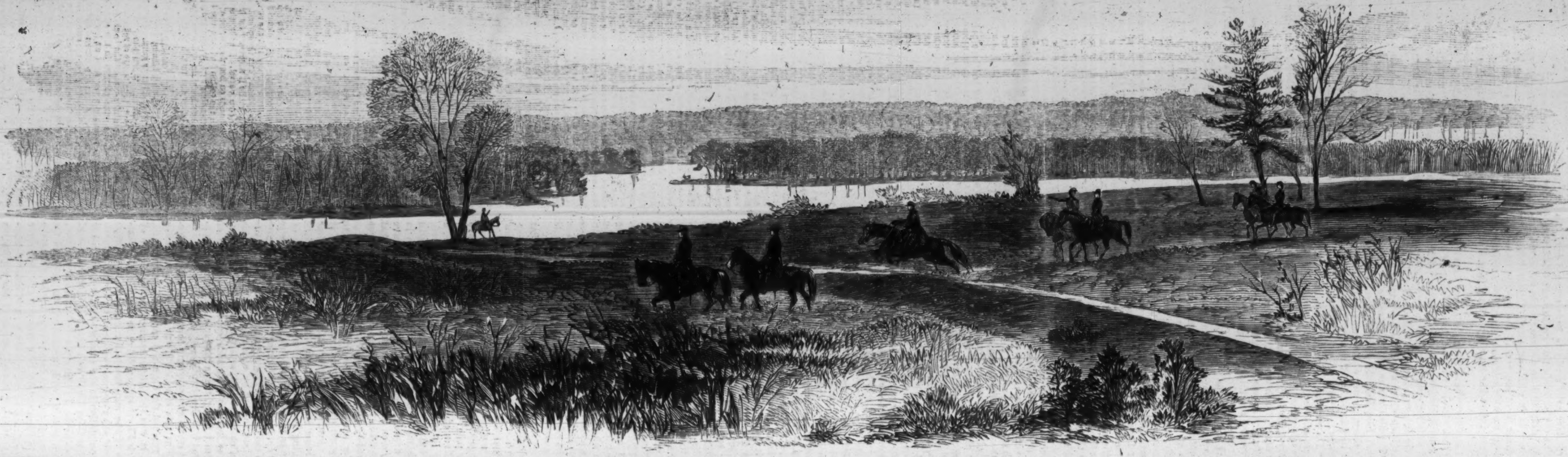
The *Queen of the West* had been previously provided with all the arrangements deemed necessary to insure the complete success of the dangerous undertaking. Three hundred bales of cotton had been procured further up the river and placed on board, particularly about the machinery, in order to save her from any serious injury by shot and shell from the rebel batteries. Rear-Admiral Porter had given orders that she should proceed down to Vicksburg, destroy the rebel steamboat *City of Vicksburg*, lying opposite the city, and then run past the lower rebel batteries. The Colonel was directed to keep close to the right bank going down, to have all his lights on board extinguished—as it was intended that she should run the gauntlet in the darkness—and, having safely passed the batteries, to anchor below the mouth of the canal and there wait for further orders.

The Colonel started with the ram from above the bend at half past four o'clock this morning. Soon after getting under way he discovered that the change made in the position of the wheel—which was removed from its former position to a narrow place behind the bulwarks—rendered it almost impossible to steer the boat with sufficient accuracy. Consequently an hour was spent in effecting the necessary alterations. It was about six o'clock, just as the sun was rising, when the ram rounded the point of land lying opposite Vicksburg. She had only men enough on board to work her, it having been arranged that the remainder of the crew would cross the point of land and get on board of her below after she had passed the batteries. When rounding the point she was distinctly seen by the rebels. They immediately opened a heavy fire from several of their batteries, which crown the crests of the bluffs about the city. The *Queen* slowly and steadily proceeded down the river under a heavy fire from those batteries, until she reached a point opposite the spot where the steamboat *City of Vicksburg* was lying. Colonel Ellet says that steamboat was lying in almost the same position as was the rebel ram *Arkansas* when he ran into her with that same *Queen of the West*. If the rebel steamboat should be struck as the ram was running down the river, the prow, instead of penetrating her, would be inclined to glance, and the full force of the blow would thus be lost. Wishing to make the shock as effective as possible, when the ram had reached the proper position the Colonel turned her partly around, so as to face the city, and then made across the river straight for the fated steamboat. The rebels, who had crowded on the banks, scampered off in the most affrighted manner from the shore and sought safety in the city. The ram still went steadily on to the execution of her destructive errand. She struck the rebel steamboat forward of the wheel-house; but at the moment of collision the current caught the stern of the ram and swung her round so rapidly that nearly all the momentum of the blow was lost. To set the rebel steamboat on fire was part of the arrangement. That portion of the programme was intrusted to Sergeant J. H. Campbell. He was directed to fire the forward guns loaded with combustible balls saturated with turpentine. As the ram swung round he was ordered to fire them. Just at that moment a 64-pound shot from one of the rebel batteries came crashing into the barricade of cotton near him; but the brave Sergeant did not hesitate a moment in the execution of the order. The guns were fired, a tremendous blaze was vomited forth from them, and the rebel steamboat was in flames.

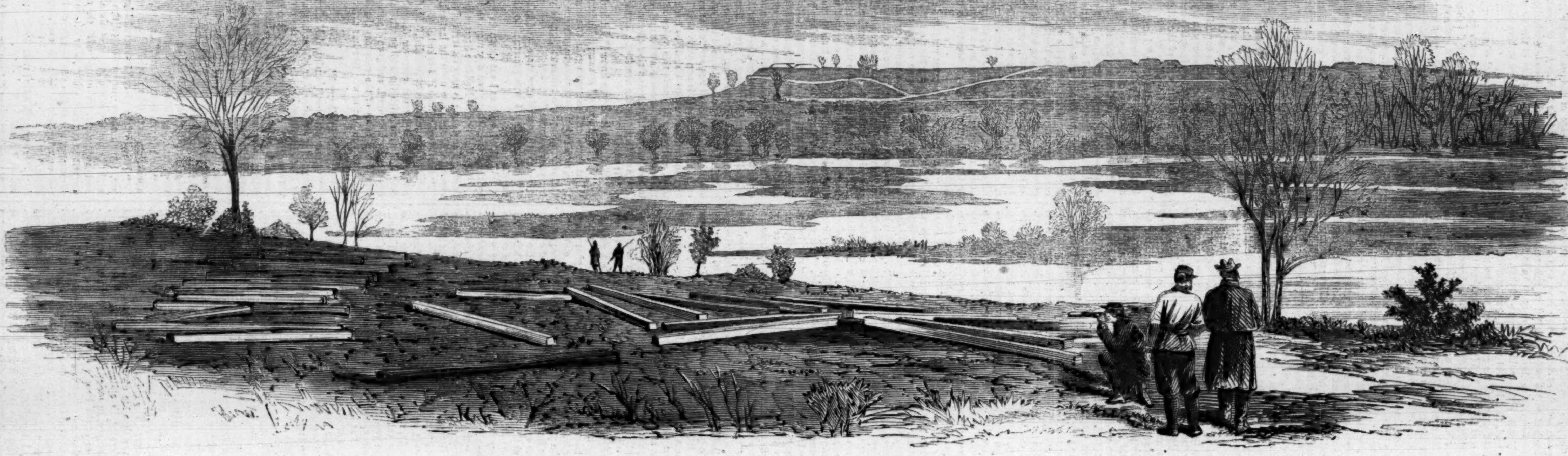
About the same time the ram was found to be on fire. A shell from shore had set her on fire near the starboard wheel; while the discharge of the guns with the combustible balls had fired the cotton on her bow. Both steamboats were thus ablaze at the same time. The flames spread rapidly on both vessels. The smoke from the front of the ram rushed into her engine-room and threatened to suffocate the engineers. Those on board the rebel steamboat did all they could do to extinguish the flames on their boat. This they soon accomplished. Colonel Ellet had intended to strike the rebel steamboat in the stern, and thus finish the work of demolition; but the spreading flames on the *Queen of the West* made it necessary for him to attend to the safety of his own vessel. He therefore ran down stream, and set all hands on board at work extinguishing the flames. Though the cotton had been wet before starting, the fire was extending rapidly, and several burning bales were thrown overboard in order to save the ram. She then anchored below the mouth of the canal, where she awaited further orders.

All this time, both when approaching the city and leaving it, the rebel batteries were blazing away at the *Queen of the West* with light and heavy guns. Some of our guns on shore replied to them. When the ram was near the Mississippi shore several regiments of rebels opened on her with musketry from rifle-pits on the bank, and, as opportunity offered, the guns planted in the streets of Vicksburg so as to rake the river fired on her also. It was a very exciting scene. About one hundred and twenty shots were fired from the batteries; but the ram was struck only twelve times, and sustained no injury from the musketry. She was struck twice in the hull above the water-line, the cabin was considerably smashed, and one casemated gun was dismounted and destroyed.

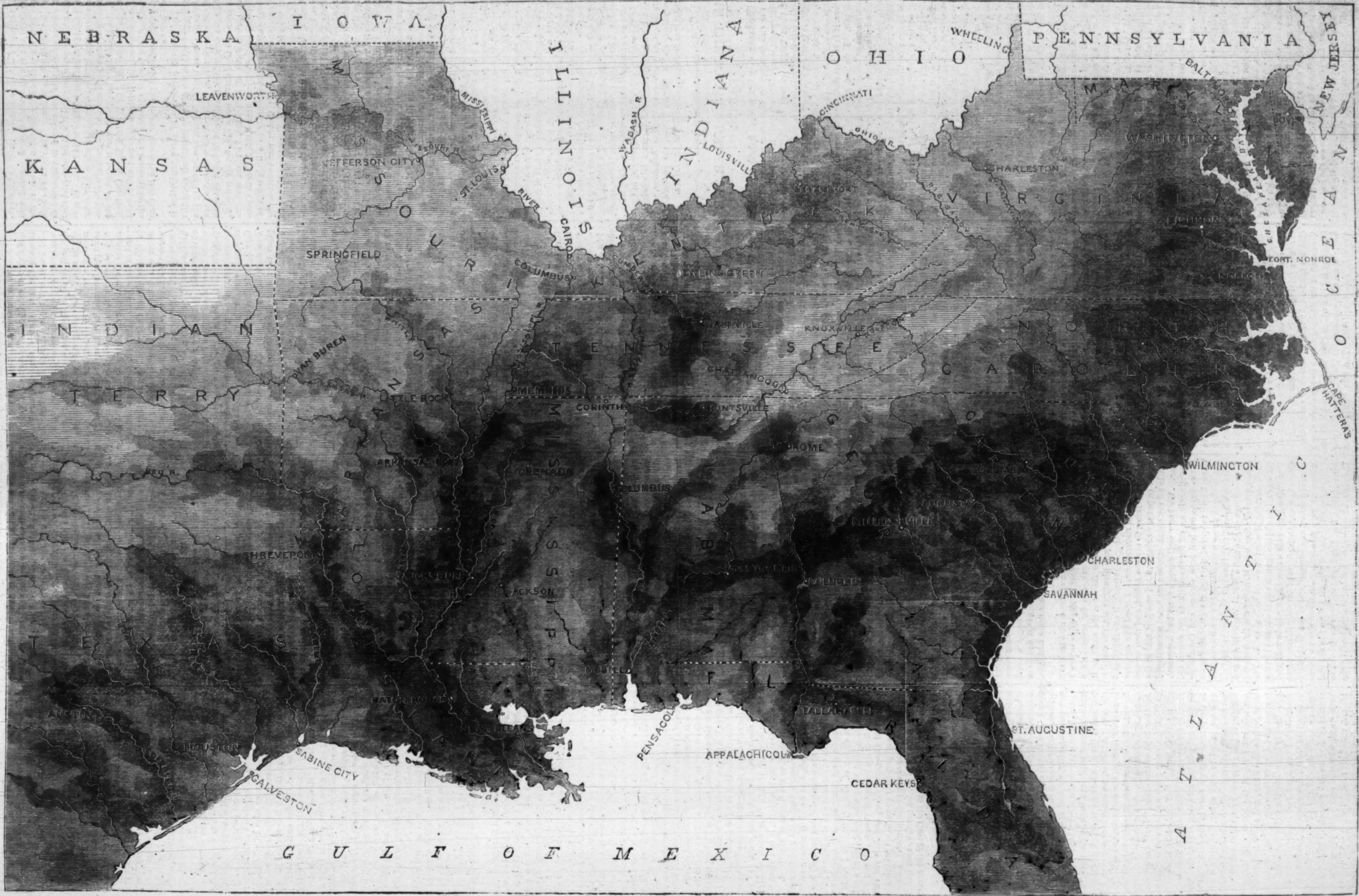
Thus the *Queen of the West* ran the blockade of Vicksburg by daylight, damaged the rebel steamboat opposite the city, and she herself sustained no material injury. Afterward the rebels endeavored to get steam up on board the *City of Vicksburg*; but, although she was not sunk, appearances indicate that she has been damaged seriously.



CORBIN'S NECK, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]



SKINNER'S NECK, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, BELOW FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]


NEBRASKA
IOWA
KANSAS
LEAVENWORTH
MISSOURI
JEFFERSON CITY
MISSOURI R.
MISSISSIPPI
ST. LOUIS
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ILLINOIS
CAIRO
RIVER
WABASH R.
INDIANA
LOUISVILLE
OHIO
CINCINNATI
OHIO R.
WHEELING
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW JERSEY
BALTIMORE
DOVER
MARYLAND
WASHINGTON
CHARLESTON
VIRGINIA
RICHMOND
CHESAPEAKE BAY
FORT MONROE
KENTUCKY
FRANKFORT
COLUMBUS
BOWLING GREEN
NASHVILLE
KNOXVILLE
TENNESSEE
CHATTANOOGA
NORTH CAROLINA
CAPE HATTERAS
WILMINGTON
INDIAN TERRY
VAN BUREN
ARKANSAS
LITTLE ROCK
ARKANSAS POST
RED R.
MEMPHIS
CORINTH
HUNTSVILLE
GRENADA
COLUMBUS
MISSISSIPPI
JACKSON
VICKSBURG
SHREVEPORT
LOUISIANA
BATON ROUGE
NEW ORLEANS
ALABAMA
MONTGOMERY
MOBILE
PENSACOLA
GEORGIA
ROME
AUGUSTA
MILLEDGEVILLE
MACON
SOUTH CAROLINA
COLUMBIA
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
FLORIDA
TALLAHASSEE
APPALACHICOLA
CEDAR KEYS
ST. AUGUSTINE
TEXAS
AUSTIN
HOUSTON
GALVESTON
SABINE CITY
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, SHOWING THE RELATIVE PROPORTION OF SLAVES IN THE DIFFERENT LOCALITIES.—[See Page 142.]

OUR SLAVERY CHART.

On page 141 will be found a chart which represents to the eye the relative slave population in the different parts of the Southern States at the beginning of the rebellion. The depth of shade represents density of the colored in proportion to the white population; and it will be perceived that the shade varies from white to solid black. In several counties in West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, Northern and Southeastern Missouri, the slaves were less than three per cent. of the whole population. In Western North Carolina, Northern Georgia, Northern Arkansas, and toward the northern part of Alabama, are counties in the population of which the slaves numbered less than six per cent.

The greatest proportion of slave population is embraced within the country extending along the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, and bordering the Southwestern rivers. The slaves were more than fifty per cent. of the inhabitants included between the sea and Gulf coasts and a line, nearly parallel, beginning north of Richmond, Virginia, and extending southwardly to near Raleigh, North Carolina; thence southwestwardly to a little north of Montgomery, Alabama; thence northwestwardly to the vicinity of Memphis, Tennessee; thence to Shreveport, Louisiana, and a little to the north of Austin, Texas. Within this region there are counties in Southwestern Georgia, Southeastern Alabama, Central Mississippi, and some parts of Texas where the slaves were less than twenty-five per cent. of the whole people. In many of the counties they were from fifty to sixty per cent.; and in nearly all the region along the Mississippi River, Central Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, and in Virginia, south of Richmond, the slaves were more than sixty per cent. of the inhabitants; and in some South Carolina districts along the coast, in parishes of Louisiana, and counties of Mississippi along the Mississippi River, the slaves were over *ninety* per cent. of the whole population. In Central Kentucky, Tennessee, along the Tennessee River in Northern Alabama, and along the Missouri River was a slave population varying from thirty to sixty per cent., while in Western Kentucky and Tennessee it was scarcely thirty per cent., except in the region northeast and east of Memphis, where cotton is produced in abundance.

In all the Slave States, except those along the northern border, the north and west parts of North Carolina, and north and east parts of Tennessee, the density of slave population presents a proportionate abundance in the product of cotton. Along the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia rice is an additional product of slave labor; and along the Gulf coast of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, particularly the last-named State, many slaves were engaged in the production of sugar.

In the western part of Central Georgia, in Central Alabama, Northern and Western Mississippi, Southwestern Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Louisiana, and in Middle Texas, the produce of cotton was more than two bales to each slave.

IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH.

Probably very few persons indeed ever think of the risk incurred by thousands of their fellow-countrymen, every day of their lives, in laboring for those things without which they themselves would find it difficult to live, or if they do remember it, it is only when some more than usually fearful accident, where the destruction of life is on a large scale, occurs. In the case of accidents in mines, it is seldom that the sufferers survive to tell the tale. I do not speak of such commonplace occurrences as being crushed by a fall of coal, but where an explosion has taken place near the pit-shaft, possibly followed by a fire, thus cutting off egress from the pit, and leaving the unfortunate men in the more distant workings to perish by hunger, or by the combined action of starvation and suffocation. Such an occurrence, when only three or four lives are lost, seldom does more than form the subject of a paragraph for a newspaper, and the matter is then forgotten; and more frequently it is not known beyond the pit.

My own occupation has been of a kind to bring me in frequent contact with miners, not only those employed in coal-mines, but those who are engaged in the less dangerous, but, as I think, more unpleasant labor of mining for ores. Some of these men—poor cripples, who have little to live on except the few shillings a week they get from the owner of the pit in which they were maimed, the parish, and it may be a Benefit Society—have tales to tell which thrill one with horror, and excite feelings of wonder that men can be found who are willing to enter upon an occupation carried on under such miserable conditions, when they might find work, if not in this, at all events in another country, under the open sky. One of these men, an old man now, who had at the time I heard his narrative been a cripple for fifteen years had escaped death by what might almost be called a miracle. His name was Henry Stanley, and he, with his brother Richard, another miner named Smale, and a son of the last named, a little fellow barely eight years old, were in the habit of working together. The manner in which the boy was employed was a secret among the men themselves, the reason given by the father to the overlooker for having him in the pit with him being, that having no mother to look after him, he wished to keep him out of the way of harm. The part of the pit in which they worked was so distant from the shaft that they never saw any of the overmen more than once a day, and more often not at all; and whenever he did make his appearance in that part of the pit where they were, the boy, who had been on the look-out, gave them notice of his approach, and they would hastily leave the working in which they were actually engaged for another a hundred yards distant, and running in a different direction

The reason why they were so anxious to conceal the scene of their operations was as follows: The pit was one of those on the coast, and the richest, and therefore most profitably worked part of it, was beneath the sea. One of the veins was so high and broad, and the coal so easily worked, that it was extended to a distance under water, which, in the opinion of an inspector, endangered the safety of the mine. In consequence of this opinion the men were ordered to discontinue working it; and most people would have thought that nothing more was necessary than to give this order, when the miners knew that it could only be disobeyed at the peril of their lives. But considerations of danger in the exercise of their vocation never have and never will deter miners from disregarding orders, when the doing so is attended with profit, or even convenience. The men above named were in the habit of working this vein, though ostensibly, and at times actually, they were employed in a siding, where the overlooker found them when he went in that direction. Their earnings, under these circumstances, were large, but not so large as to excite much remark; and, to celebrate their success, they agreed to eat their Christmas dinner together. Two days before the time when this was to take place they were sitting at the extreme end of the working referred to, eating their mid-day meal, when they were startled by a sudden, heavy fall, followed by the hollow crackling sound which good coals produce when they crumble together into a mass. There was a rush to escape, but the fall completely blocked up the vein, and this at a distance of not more than thirty or forty paces from where they had been sitting, thus imprisoning them in a cell, as it might be called, about fifty yards long, four wide, and three in height. Fortunately there was no escape of gas, but they were familiar enough with such matters to know that the air must in a limited time be rendered incapable of sustaining life. The first thing they did, after they had recovered a little from the shock, was to examine their bags, to see what provisions they had left; and the second, to ascertain how many candles they had among them. As regarded provisions, they were more than commonly well off, one of them having brought a large loaf of home-made bread down with him that morning, in order that his mates might taste it. In the matter of lights, they were badly off; they found that if they put out all except one, in less than twenty-four hours they would be in total darkness.

Of the extent of the fall they could form no idea; but as their only chance of escape was by clearing a way through it they went to work at it without delay. They toiled for hours, but the progress made was slow, owing to the slipping down of fresh pieces in the place of those removed, which, moreover, helped to fill up the not very large space in which they were confined. They worked two at a time, the third relieving one of the others at regular intervals. In this way hour after hour passed, and to all appearance they were as far from liberty as ever. Presently there was a little flicker of light, followed immediately by total darkness. There is something inexpressibly horrible in being thus cut off from sunshine, and buried alive in the body of the earth, which the imagination is scarcely capable of realizing. The poor fellows thus doomed, as they had every reason to believe, to a slow but certain death within a few hours, groped their way together, and sat down on the ground. Silent and motionless they sat, the thoughts of each occupied with those they had left in the morning; suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of the little boy repeating a part of his evening-prayer:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

The little voice could not get beyond the second line, but broke down with a deep sob, followed by a passionate fit of crying, in the midst of which his father could be heard trying to console him in a half-choked voice. The others, unable to contain themselves any longer, gave vent to their grief, and for some minutes nothing could be heard in the darkness but deep sobs. When these had died away, they could hear dull, heavy sounds above them, which followed each other in monotonous and slightly irregular succession: it was the beating of the sea on the shore above. It was astonishing, said the poor fellow who told me this, how much the sense of their position was aggravated by these sounds. The thought of the free rolling waves, of the life they bore in them, of the sunlight which shone upon them, increased their agony to desperation, and, with the exception of the child, each reflected within himself whether it would not be better to end it by a speedy act of his own. They agreed that they had little reason to hope that any attempt would be made to rescue them even when they were missed, since none of the other men engaged in the pit knew of their working this vein, and would therefore not think of searching for them there. Rather than sit in idle useless despair, they resumed work in the dark; but if the progress they made was trifling when they had light, it was still more so now that they had none. They were soon exhausted by their exertions, as much, perhaps, from their hopelessness as from fatigue. Throwing themselves on the ground, they tried to prepare themselves for the fate which they now regarded as certain. Timidly, as is the wont of men when they address their Creator aloud in the presence of others for the first time, Stanley uttered a few short sentences of prayer; Smale was the next to follow his example, and after him Richard Stanley. Comforted by their appeals, they continued them at short intervals; and presently the child, at the desire of his father, sung a hymn he had been taught at the Sunday school, the men joining their rough voices to his little childish treble. At the conclusion of each verse, the sound of the dashing waves on the shore above filled the hole in which they were buried with its low, thundering, monotonous beat. Soon this was the only sound audible. The two brothers put their arms round each other, and they all lay patiently waiting for the coming of that light which all, even those who daily ask for it, shrink from with inexplicable inconsistency.

By a merciful condition of existence, those unfortunate men who are buried as these were, gradually cease to feel the dread of death, in proportion as hope of rescue fades away from their minds, the inhalement of carbonic acid gas reducing the vitality by degrees till the brain becomes paralyzed, and this long before the vital spark is utterly extinguished. Richard Stanley had already reached the stage of insensibility, when his brother heard a slight movement among the coal, indicative of a further settling down of the mass, under increased pressure from above, or of its being removed by men on the other side. Under the stimulus of this thought, Henry Stanley crawled to the heap and listened with all the eagerness of which he was still capable. His practiced ear soon enabled him to satisfy himself that men were at work on the other side, and he was in the act of turning to crawl back to try and rouse his companions in peril to a knowledge of the good news, when a heavy block of coal fell from the roof upon his loins, crushing him to the ground beneath its weight, and rendering him completely incapable of moving. It was in this position that the pitmen found him when they had worked their way through the fallen mass. Richard was insensible, and so also was Smale, who lay as if asleep, with his arms round his little boy, who was lying on his bosom. The child was past recovery; but after several hours in the open air, all three of the men regained their senses, Henry Stanley alone being permanently injured by the accident.

Another accident of a different kind, which likewise occurred in a coal-mine, was related to me by one of the survivors, though how he came to survive is a mystery known only to himself. One cold winter night, a middle-aged man named William Jamieson was waked by his wife, who was trembling and bathed in perspiration, and adjured by her not to go to work the next day. Wondering what had happened to cause her to make the request, he asked the reason, when she told him that she had dreamed twice that night that she had seen him go down into the pit, take a lamp, and walk to a distant part of the mine, where he joined their sons and began work; that while they were at work she heard a dreadful crash, and then saw a bright sheet of flame, which lit up the galleries and workings from one end of the mine to the other, and finally rushed up the shaft in a body, which went roaring up to the clouds and seemed to set them in a blaze. Without attempting to imitate Jamieson's dialect, which would only weary the reader without adding to the interest of his narrative, I will give the facts he related as nearly as I can remember them.

When my wife told me what she had dreamed I told her it was all nonsense. Our wives are always having dreams of this kind, but in time they get used to them and take no notice. However, she was so earnest about it, and seemed so frightened, that I promised her at last I would stay at home. I was thinking directly afterward what I should do all day, when I thought it would be a good opportunity to kill our pig instead of putting it off a week or two longer. I got up between six and seven o'clock, and when I went down stairs I found my sons having their breakfast, and their mother trying to persuade them not to go to work. They did not pay much heed to what she said; and when they had finished breakfast they took their bags, and were going out as usual, when my wife got before the door and begged me not to let them go. I was ashamed to say that I had promised not to go to work because of their mother's dreams; so I said that I decided on having the pig killed that day, and they might as well stay at home and we would make a holiday of it. As they refused to do this, and were too old to be made to do what they did not like, there was no help for it but to let them go. After breakfast I went to the slaughter-man to ask him to come down with me, and on my way I went to the public house and got a stone bottle filled with gin, which I slung over my shoulder. On getting to his house I found that he had gone to Slivecome, and was not likely to be back before the evening. I was uncertain what to do. The promise I had made my wife only made me feel ashamed that I had made it. There was nobody I could have a holiday with; so, at last, I made up my mind that I would go to work as usual. It was rather late when I got to the pit, and I had to wait a while before I could be lowered, and while I was waiting, an overlooker came up, and I heard him say they had found a good deal of gas in Davis's Hole—a name that had been given to a spot where a man of that name had been killed.

When I got to the bottom of the shaft I took my lamp and walked to the part of the mine where I had been working with my sons for several days before. It was about as far from the shaft as it could be; but there was plenty of air, the ventilation in the mine being too strong, if any thing, and apt to give the rheumatism. I stood two or three minutes talking to my son Alfred, and then turned round to put my things off. I was just taking the bottle off my shoulder when we heard a smothered roar. We knew well enough what had happened, and directly set off for the shaft, to get drawn up, if the explosion had been serious and the choke-damp likely to spread through the pit. Before we got to the shaft we were stopped by a miner named Naylor, who said that the shaft was on fire, and all the workings on the north side. We went on, and found several other men standing not far from the shaft, talking of what it would be best to do. The pit was all in a blaze against the shaft, and the fire was rushing up with a roar like a whirlwind; and every now and then pieces of burning timber came crashing down, and bounded out of the fire toward where we were standing. As there was no possibility of getting out of the pit before the fire had burned itself out, I and my two boys went back to the place where we had left our things, leaving the other men still standing near the shaft. Knowing that several hours must pass before the timber in the shaft would be burned out we staid where we were, calculating how long it would be before we could be drawn up. When we went back we found that the fire had spread several feet in our direction, which made our situation more desperate; but for all that we thought that when they began to throw water into the shaft it would not be long before it would be extinguished. We never thought they would close the shaft, with the deliberate intention of filling the pit with water. The upward draught was strong, the progress of the fire toward us was so slow as to be scarcely sensible, only the air became so heated that we were forced to draw further and further back into the mine, the hot air causing the gas to ooze out of the coal. Finding there was no chance of our being able to escape for many hours at least, we went back to the place where we had left the little food we had remaining, and where the air was still fresh and cool, in comparison with what it was near the shaft. To economize our food, as much as to escape from thought, we lay down and went to sleep. When I woke I fancied I could detect an unusual dampness beneath my hand, as I rolled over to get on my feet. My sons remarked the same thing when I called them; and we rushed off together as soon as we had lighted our lamp—for, fortunately, we had matches, as most of us usually have, though it is against pit regulations—hoping to find the fire extinguished. We had not gone far before we felt the water splashing beneath our feet. It was evident the water had been pouring in for some time, and in large quantities, and the suspicion crossed my mind that the pumps had ceased to work, and that they were allowing the water to accumulate in the workings. The air near the shaft was insufferably hot, but the fire had not extended, or but very little. Unfortunately, the floor of the pit below the shaft was higher than the surrounding parts, so that the water ran off, and was fast helping to flood the mine, while the place whereon it was wanted remained uncovered. To remedy this, it was proposed that we should go to work to make a dam of coal-dust; but as it was immediately objected that the only effect of this would be to cause the water to flow through the mine in one direction instead of two, the idea was not carried out.

Meanwhile the fire continued to rage as fiercely as ever in and about the shaft; and as it could do no good to remain near it, breathing the hot and bad air, I proposed to my sons that we should again return to our refuge, where we could contrive to keep out of the water, at all events, for a time. Alfred agreed to come, but William decided on remaining with the other miners, saying that he would join us presently. The mine was a very wet one, and the difference in the depth of the water, since we left the place where we had been working, was quite perceptible. We directly went to work, and made such a barrier as was sufficient to keep the water from reaching us, as we thought, and then sat down, sad and sorrowful enough. My thoughts ran a good deal on my wife's dream, as they had continually done since the accident, and I wondered at the singular coincidence, and whether there was any chance of our ultimate escape. As there was no use in sitting idle, we began to prepare for the rise in the water by picking away the coal from the roof; and without working very hard, we had raised ourselves in a few hours nearly level with the roof of the passages throughout the greater part of the mine. In the mean time, the water had been steadily rising; from being as high as the first joint of my forefinger, it had risen while we were at work to the height of the third. We made several journeys backward and forward to and from the shaft, and found it always burning, but the fire in the mine itself was growing less and less. Very few of the men had any hope of getting out now, and a good many began to complain that they were dying of hunger, though I could not help noticing that those who complained most on this score had the strongest voices. My son Alfred had noticed the same thing, and followed one of these men, and presently came to me bringing with him a huge piece of one of the ponies. This was a precious resource to us, for careful as we had been of the little food we had at the time of the accident, we had only a few ounces left.

As William preferred to remain with the other men, where they could see the light, Alfred and I were alone in our misery. We sat side by side in the darkness, our hands fast locked together, and only loosing our hold of each other when I crawled to the edge of the heap of coal we were sitting on to plunge my arm into the water to see how deep it was. In time this was useless, for when it had risen to the length of my arm, and I found the next time I tried it that my fingers would not touch the bottom, I left off doing it. Of the other men, we saw nothing after we had got too weak to wade through the water to the shaft; but some of them had come near us, driven back by the rising water, the part of the pit where we were being higher than the rest. At times, we could hear one man calling to another through the darkness, and ask him how he was. By degrees these inquiries became less frequent, and when made, often remained unanswered. Another kept on repeating, "Lord, have mercy on us!" till his voice grew weaker and weaker at every repetition, and at last died away altogether. I shouted for my son William, and he answered, but he could not join us, not being able to find his way to the place where we were in the dark. At intervals we called to each other, but after a while I got no answer, though whether he had perished of hunger, or had gone away toward the shaft, I could not tell, but I hoped the latter. By degrees all these sounds died away, and as far as I could tell, my son and I were the only living beings in the pit. Slowly but surely the water continued to rise, for though I could not test its depth, it was easy to ascertain that it was creeping toward us. We had no knowledge of the passage of time, but it seemed as if years had passed, when I was roused by my son, who was making feeble efforts to put his arm round my neck. I was myself too weak to lift him, but I crept close to him and kissed him. A little later, and he was cold and motionless. For hours, or it might have been days, I continued to hold his lifeless body in my arms. Of food I had none, and my only support was a sip of spirits taken at long intervals.

Still the water continued to rise, till I felt it touching my feet. I spent the time in sleep mostly, and when I lay awake, I had just life enough to wonder how long it would be before the water rose above my head. I did not now feel any particular dread of this happening; I had got so familiarised with the idea that I only speculated in a dreamy kind of way on what the sensation would be like when it took place. From what I heard since, I believe I must have slept many hours at a time. I know that when I woke once I felt that my feet were no longer in the water. I stretched them out, still without touching it, and I had to push myself forward some distance before I could reach it, and then I knew they must have got the engine at work, and were pumping out the water; consequently, the fire was extinguished. I suppose it is nothing unusual in such cases; but no sooner had I found there was a chance of being saved than the resignation or indifference, whichever it was, left me, and instead of being able to sleep as I had done before, I became keenly alive to my situation, and sat with the soles of my feet just touching the water. It sunk so slowly that hours, as I judged, passed before I could say with certainty that it had sunk any more. This was about the most dreadful period of my imprisonment. When I lost my poor boy, I was expecting every hour to join him, and painful as it was, it seemed as if we were only separated for a little while. Now my thoughts were busy with home. What would my wife say when she saw me like one risen from the grave? What would she be doing when I got home? These and a thousand other wondering surmises passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness; till at last I got weary, and began to despair of getting out after all, the water sunk so slowly. I tried to forget time in sleep, but I found this was not half so easy now. Not to spin out my tale any longer than I can help, I will say nothing more of what I felt and thought, nor what resolutions I made for the future, if I only reached the surface of the earth once more alive.

At last the time came when the water barely reached my knees at a distance of several feet in advance of the heap on which I had been lying, and I decided on trying to reach the shaft, which I succeeded in doing, though it took me a long time, owing to my weak and exhausted condition. Close to the shaft I found two of the overlookers and several of the miners at work in repairing it. They were as much startled at seeing me as though I had been a ghost, and, indeed, as far as appearance went, I might with good reason have been taken for a skeleton. When I came down into the pit I had left the ground hard and frozen; the next time I saw it the grass was green, there were leaves on the trees, and a bright and warm sun was shining.

OUR COLORED TROOPS IN LOUISIANA.

WE publish on page 133 two illustrations of THE FIRST LOUISIANA NATIVE GUARDS, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Hamilton.

It is now some five months since General Butler's attention was called, by certain free colored men in New Orleans, to the fact that they held commissions from Governor Moore, of Louisiana, as duly enrolled officers of the Confederate army, and requesting to transfer their services to the United States. General Butler, with that keen perception for which he is so remarkable, at once saw the bearings of this important matter, granted the request of his applicants, and issued his order mustering the regiment into our service, under the command of Colonel (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Spencer H. Stafford, one of his *aids-de-camp*.

Although ready and anxious for a brush with the enemy, that opportunity has not yet been afforded them. They have hitherto been employed down in the Lafourche District, under the command of General Weitzel, guarding the bridges over important bayous, in a circuit of some thirty miles, and forming the base of Weitzel's late expedition into the Teche District. That affair being over, and the General returned to his encampment at Thibodeaux, the Colonel of the Native Guards reported to the Department Head-quarters for further orders. On the evening of the 21st, pursuant to orders, eight Companies (comprising 800 men), embarked upon the *Laurel Hill* to join the garrison of Forts Jackson and St. Philip—four Companies to each fort—the remaining two Companies—A and D—being sent to Fort Macombe, on the Chef Menteur Pass, connecting Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain.

The point selected by our special artist for illustration is the disembarkation from the steamer *J. D. Brown*, at Fort Macombe. The special New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Times* tells the following story of these men:

> "You see my men can *work*, Sir, though people say they can't fight," said the Colonel, triumphantly. "We don't trouble our heads much about transportation. Put me down in a forest with those same fellows, and I'll build you a city; for I have every useful trade represented among them."
>
> At this moment a Captain came up to the Colonel, saluted him very respectfully, and, after receiving his order, went off.
>
> "I understood you, Colonel," said I, "that all your line officers were colored men: there goes one, at any rate, who is white." The Colonel turned to me with a sarcastic smile:
>
> "And do you really think him white? Well you may, Sir; but that man is a 'negro'—one who carries the so-called curse of African blood in his veins."
>
> I was literally amazed. Often as my senses had been deceived in this matter, they never had been so completely before. This officer, Captain E. Davis, of Company A [his portrait is given in our group.—*Ed.*], was a fine-looking young man, not unlike General M'Clellan in mould of features, with light blue eyes, ruddy complexion, soft, silky hair, and a splendid mustache, of a sandy color, nearly approaching red. I would have defied the most consummate expert in Niggerology, by the aid of the most powerful microscope, to discover the one drop of African blood in that man's veins. Still there it was upon the record against him.
>
> During this voyage, and after our arrival at the fort, I not only had the best opportunity for observing the general demeanor of these soldiers, but I made a point of conversing with several of the line officers, in order to come at some just conclusion as to their mental calibre, manners, etc. Truth and honesty compel me to state that, as far as the privates were concerned, a more decent, orderly, obedient, and soldierly set of men I never saw; while, as regards the officers, had I come in contact with the same number of white men, taken at random, I could not have expected to find more general intelligence, education, and refinement.

We present our readers, on the same page, with a group of portraits of five of the line officers of Companies A and D of these Louisiana Native Guards. The central figure, Lieutenant L. D. LARRIEU, is very nearly white; Captain E. DAVIS, as before stated, is to all appearances perfectly so. The other three bear, more or less, marks of African origin. These officers all long to prove their loyalty and assert their manhood in the field; and, should this infamous rebellion continue, it is to be hoped their desires will not be long ungratified.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

To have the sure esteem
  Of those whose worth we know,
The heart will oft redeem
  From many a doubtful throe;
The anxious soul declares
  Some good must be in *us*,
Or by *such* souls as theirs
  We were not valued thus.

When brimming cups go round,
  When friendly faces meet,
Where jest and smile abound—
  Oh, if we there may meet
Such long-tried friend of years
  To share with us the wine—
'Tis nectar then—and cheers
  With influence divine!

Or, if oppressed with care
  Or sickness, low we lie,
What med'cine can compare
  With friendship's love-lit eye?
One fond plain English word
  More cheers our suffering man
Than all the pomp absurd
  Of doctor's Latin can.

Oh, bliss how bright, how rare,
  Where friend like this appears,
With smiles our joy to share,
  Or share our grief with tears:
To have this, is to win
  From out our earthly strife
The brightest jewel in.
  That crown of thorns—called life!

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For March, 1863.

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